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BOOK OF WORSHIP;

BEING

SELECTIONS, CHIEFLY FROM THE PSALMS,

FOR

Alternate Reading by Minister and People.

PREPARED FOR THE USE OF

THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY

OF

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LXVI.

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ORDER OF VESPERS.

1. ORGAN VOLUNTARY.
2. VESPER HYMN.
3. INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES BY MINISTER AND PEOPLE. (CONGREGATION RISE.)
4. SACRED SONG.
5. PRAYER.
6. CHANTED PSALM.
7. FIRST SCRIPTURE LESSON.
8. ANTHEM OR TE DEUM.
9. SECOND SCRIPTURE LESSON.
10. SHORT EXPOSITION OR ADDRESS.
11. SILENT PRAYER.
12. CHANTED PRAYER.
13. HYMN, — CONGREGATIONAL.
14. BENEDICTION.
15. AMEN, BY CHOIR.

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES.

[*To be read by the Minister and People in alternate verses.*]

FIRST SELECTION.

INVITATION TO WORSHIP.

Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, and praise his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the heathen are idols; but the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him; strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and praise.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; bring an offering, and come into his courts.

Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth; the world shall stand firm, it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the fields be joyful, and all that is therein; let all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

For he cometh, he cometh, to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

SECOND SELECTION.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts

of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Even the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest, where they may lay their young, by thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, who are continually praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways to Zion.

For them the desert vales are full of streams, and they are refreshed with abundant showers.

They go from strength to strength, till all of them appear in Zion before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I would rather stand at the door of the house of God than dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I do yet seek: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the glory of the Lord, and to gaze upon his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret place of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he will set me upon a rock.

Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,
Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

THIRD SELECTION.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High;

To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; they shall grow up like the cedars of Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!

Thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord, according to the law of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sake I will say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.

Arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and thy saints shout for joy.

Oh, praise the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, who by night stand in the house of the Lord.

The Lord, who made heaven and earth, bless thee out of Zion.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

FOURTH SELECTION.

THIRSTING FOR GOD.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my food day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in grief; for once I walked with the multitude to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with the multitude that kept holy day.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, — him, my Deliverer and my God.

Once the Lord commanded his loving-kindness in the day-time; and in the night-season his praise was with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

Now I say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, my enemies reproach me; while they say to me continually, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, — him, my Deliverer and my God.

Judge me, O God, and defend my cause. Deliver me from unjust and deceitful men.

Thou art the God of my refuge: why dost thou cast me off? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

Oh, send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy mountain and to thy dwelling-place.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, — him, my Deliverer and my God.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,
Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

FIFTH SELECTION.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

PRAISE ye the Lord; praise the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights.
Praise him, all ye angels of his; praise him, all his hosts.
Praise him, sun and moon; praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord; for he commanded, and they were created.
He hath also established them for ever and ever; he hath given them a law which they do not pass over.
Praise the Lord from the earth, ye sea monsters and all deeps.
Fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind fulfilling his word,
Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars,
Beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl,
Kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges of the earth,
Both young men and maidens, old men and children,
Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heavens.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him; let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Praise ye the Lord; praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of trumpets; praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance; praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

SIXTH SELECTION.

GOD IN THE SANCTUARY.

EXAMINE me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

For thy loving-kindness is ever before mine eyes, and I walk in thy truth.

I will wash my hands in innocency, and appear before thine altar, O Lord;

To utter the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Lord, I love the house of thine abode, the place where thine honor dwelleth.

I will walk in mine integrity: oh, redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My feet shall tread in a straight path; in the congregation will I bless the Lord.

I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord; yea, they shall sing of thy ways: for great is the glory of the Lord.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully:

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

SEVENTH SELECTION.

THANKSGIVING.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion; and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Mine iniquities are heavy upon me; but thou wilt forgive our transgressions.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts. Oh, satisfy us with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By wonderful things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea;

Who in thy strength settest fast the mountains, being girded with power;

Who stillest the raging of the sea, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost part of the earth are afraid at the tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest corn when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered with corn: they shout for joy; they also sing.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Oh, let the nations be glad, and sing for joy; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

For the earth hath yielded her increase; and God, even our own God, hath blessed us.

May God still bless us; and let all the ends of the earth fear his name.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

EIGHTH SELECTION.

EXHORTATION TO BLESS GOD.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him; and his righteousness unto children's children,

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearken unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul!

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

NINTH SELECTION.

TRUST IN GOD.

TRULY my soul waiteth upon God; from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence: I shall not be greatly moved.

My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence: I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever.

Though the Lord is high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thy hand

against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The Lord will be sufficient for me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever: forsake not the work of thine own hands.

The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice; have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path.

I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TENTH SELECTION.

GOODNESS AND GLORY OF GOD.

THY goodness, O Lord, reacheth unto the heavens, and thy faithfulness unto the clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains: thy judgments are a great deep.

How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be satisfied with the abundance of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no sound nor language, and their voice is not heard.

Yet their speech is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going-forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

ELEVENTH SELECTION.

EVENING PRAYER.

BEHOLD, bless the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

The Lord that made heaven and earth, bless thee out of Zion.

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate upon thee in the night-watches;

Because thou hast been my help, therefore, in the shadow of thy wings, will I rejoice.

Oh, continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee, and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

Give ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee.

As for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercies; and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness; make thy way straight before my face.

Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice; let them shout for joy because thou defendest them; let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him, as with a shield.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWELFTH SELECTION.

EVENING PRAYER.

PRESERVE me, O God; for in thee do I put my trust.

I have said to Jehovah, Thou art my Lord; I have no happiness but in thee.

The holy that are in the earth, and the excellent, in them is all my delight.

The Lord is my portion and my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord who hath given me counsel: my heart also admonishes me in the night season.

I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my spirit rejoiceth; my flesh also rests in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave; neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

Hear the right, O Lord; attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer that goeth not out of false lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes see what is right.

Prove my heart; visit me in the night; try me: my lips speak no deceit.

Hold up my steps in thy paths, that my feet slip not.

I call upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God; incline thine ear unto me, and hear my words.

Show thy loving-kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee.

Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

Then I through righteousness shall see thy face: when I awake, I shall be satisfied with thy countenance.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

THIRTEENTH SELECTION.

EVENING PRAYER.

LORD, I cry unto thee; make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice when I cry unto thee.

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting-up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.

Let not my heart incline to any evil thing; let me not practise wicked works with men that work iniquity.

Thou, O Lord, art my shield, my deliverer, and the lifter-up of my head.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.

Hear me when I call, O God my defender: thou hast helped me when I was in distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself: the Lord will hear when I call upon him.

Stand in awe, and sin not; commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

I will lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice; let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait; and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, More than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

FOURTEENTH SELECTION.

ADORATION.

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; yea, his greatness, is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts; and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men thy mighty acts and the glorious majesty of thy kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom; and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He fulfilleth the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

FIFTEENTH SELECTION.

CONFESSION.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, according to thy

loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; so that thou art justified when thou speakest, and upright when thou judgest.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; teach me, therefore, wisdom in my inmost soul.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

SIXTEENTH SELECTION.

CONFESSION AND SUPPLICATION.

Unto thee, O Lord, I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee; let me not be ashamed.

Let none that wait on thee be ashamed; let them be ashamed that transgress without cause.

Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me; for thou art the God of my salvation: in thee do I trust all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions; according to thy mercy remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

Lighten the sorrows of my heart; oh, bring thou me out of my distresses!

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins.

Oh, keep my soul, and deliver me; let me not be ashamed; for in thee do I put my trust.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for on thee do I rest my hope.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

SEVENTEENTH SELECTION.

ADORATION.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands.

Sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise glorious.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee: it shall celebrate thy name.

Come and see the works of God: how wonderful are his doings among the children of men!

By his power he ruleth forever; his eyes behold the nations; let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

Oh, bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard.

For he preserveth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to stumble.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God; and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and now praise is upon my tongue.

If I had meditated wickedness in my heart, the Lord would not have heard me.

But verily God hath heard me: he hath attended unto the voice of my prayer.

In him is my salvation and my glory: his name will I exalt with praise.

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne.

Before him goeth a fire: his lightnings illumine the world; the earth beholds and trembles.

The hills melt like wax at the presence of the Lord; at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

EIGHTEENTH SELECTION.

MAJESTY OF GOD.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; for praise is comely for the upright.

The word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap; he layeth up the depth in store-houses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought; he maketh the devices of the kingdoms of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation, he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth the hearts of all; he observeth all their works.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy.

To deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth on the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

Yea, in him doth our heart rejoice: we trust in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

NINETEENTH SELECTION.

HUMBLE CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and resorteth not to men of pride and falsehood.

Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done; many are thy gracious thoughts toward us: if we would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou dost not desire: burnt-offering and sin-offering thou hast not required.

Therefore said I, Lo, I come to do according to thy word.

For my delight is in thy will, O God; yea, thy law is within my heart.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord; let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

Let all those that seek thee be glad, and rejoice in thee; let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be praised.

God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged; kingdoms were moved; He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

He causeth wars to cease to the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTIETH SELECTION.

PRAYER IN DISTRESS.

HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth, I cry unto thee; for my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou art my shelter, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, wilt hear my vows, and give me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be put to shame.

For thou art my hope, O Lord God; thou art my trust from my youth.

By thee have I been holden up from my birth: my praise shall be continually of thee.

Cast me not off in mine old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

O God, be not far from me; O my God, make haste for my help.

For I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.

My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; for thy mercies are more than I can number.

I will celebrate thy mighty deeds, O Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

O Lord, thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have showed thy strength to this generation, and thy power to those that are to come.

Give ear to my prayer, O God; hide not thyself from my supplication.

My heart trembleth in my bosom; and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

And I think, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

But yet I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me.

Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray. and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he will never suffer them that seek him to fall.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-FIRST SELECTION.

PRAISE.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth; his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them; he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He hath not dealt so with any other nation; and, as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

Lord, thou hast been favorable unto thy land.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Show us thy mercy, O God; and grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak: he will speak peace unto his people, and to his servants; but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him, that peace may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth shall meet together; righteousness and peace shall kiss each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him, and shall set us in the way of his steps.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-SECOND SELECTION.

FRAILTY OF HUMAN LIFE

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee. Verily, every man, at his best state, is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely he disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

What, then, O Lord, is my hope? my hope is in thee.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry: be not silent at my tears; for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

Oh, spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, art thou, O God.

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years, in thy sight, are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest him away as with a flood; he is as a dream: in the morning he is like grass which groweth up.

In the morning, it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening, it is cut down and withereth.

Thou settest our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and if, by reason of strength, they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-THIRD SELECTION.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou seest my path and my lying-down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For before the word is on my tongue, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and set thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

Thine eyes did see my substance while yet unformed, and in thy book was every thing written: my days were appointed when as yet there was none of them.

How precious, also, are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts,

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-FOURTH SELECTION.

GUARDIAN CARE OF GOD.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

The poor man cries; and the Lord hears him, and saves him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

Oh, taste, and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Oh, fear the Lord, ye his servants; for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but

they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-FIFTH SELECTION.

PROTECTING CARE OF GOD.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in him will I trust.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day,

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going-out and thy coming-in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,
Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-SIXTH SELECTION.

THANKS FOR DIVINE AID.

OH, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.

Let Israel now say, That his mercy endureth forever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, That his mercy endureth forever.

Let all that fear the Lord say, That his mercy endureth forever.

I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me, and delivered me.

The Lord is on my side, I will not fear; what can man do unto me?

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of joy and salvation is in the habitations of the righteous; the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord.

This is the gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing: it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

God is the Lord, which hath showed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee; thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-SEVENTH SELECTION.

DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL.

SING unto the Lord, O ye saints of his; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; but his

favor through life: weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning.

I cry unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; oh that he would hear me!

In the day of my trouble, I seek the Lord: I stretch out my hand in the night, and cease not; my spirit makes diligent search.

Will the Lord cast off forever? and will he be favorable no more?

Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of destruction made me afraid.

The sorrows of the grave compassed me about; the snares of death entangled me.

In my distress, I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple; and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

He stretched forth his hand, and took me; he drew me out of many waters.

He brought me forth into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me.

To the merciful, thou showest thyself merciful; to the upright, thou showest thyself upright;

To the pure, thou showest thyself pure; and to the wrathful, thou showest thyself wrathful.

The ways of God are just and true; his word is pure, tried in the fire; he is a shield to all that put their trust in him.

Who, then, is God, save the Lord? or who is a rock, save our God?

It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way plain.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-EIGHTH SELECTION.

GOD OUR FATHER.

AWAKE, awake, put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.

O Lord, be gracious unto us; we have waited for thee.

Be thou our protection, our salvation also, in the time of trouble.

Look down from heaven, and behold from the habitation of thy holiness and thy glory.

Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not.

Thou, O Lord, art our Father and our Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting.

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear.

But our iniquities have separated between us and God; and our sins have hid his face from us, that he will not hear.

For our transgressions are multiplied before thee, and our sins testify against us.

But now, O Lord, thou art our Father: we are the clay, and thou the potter; and we are all the work of thy hand.

Be not wroth, very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity forever; behold, we are all thy people.

Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build to me? and where is the place of my rest?

For all these things hath my hand made; but to him will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit.

And it shall come to pass, that, before he calleth, I will answer; and, while he is yet speaking, I will hear.

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?

He giveth power to the faint; and, to them that have no might, increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall;

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TWENTY-NINTH SELECTION.

THE GLORY OF THE MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

THE people that walk in darkness behold a great light: they who dwell in the land of death-like shade, upon them a light shineth.

For to us a child is born, to us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder;

And he shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

His dominion shall be great; and peace without end shall rest upon the throne of David and his kingdom.

He shall fix and establish it through justice and equity henceforth and forever.

The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge, and of the fear of the Lord.

He shall take delight in the fear of the Lord; he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, nor decide by the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and decide with equity for the afflicted of the people.

He shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

Then shall the wolf dwell with the lamb; and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling shall be together; and a little child shall lead them.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given to it, the beauty of Carmel and Sharon.

Then shall they behold the glory of Jehovah, the majesty of our God.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

THIRTIETH SELECTION.

THE GLORY OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

SING, O ye heavens! for Jehovah hath done it; shout, O ye depths of the earth!

Break forth into singing, ye mountains! thou forest, and every tree therein!

Shout together, ye ruins of Jerusalem! arise, shine! for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee.

The glory of Lebanon shall come to thee — the cypress, the plane-tree, and the cedar together — to adorn the place of thy sanctuary, that I may make the place where my feet rest glorious.

Instead of being forsaken and hated, so that no

one passed through thee, I will make thee an everlasting glory, the joy of many generations.

I will make thine officers peace, and thy magistrates righteousness.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land; wasting nor destruction within thy borders.

Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise.

No more shall the sun be thy light by day; nor with her brightness shall the moon enlighten thee.

But Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon be hid;

For Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light; and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Thy people shall all be righteous, forever shall they possess the land.

The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation: I, Jehovah, will hasten it in its time.

Then shall the lame leap like the hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

And a path shall be there, and it shall be called the holy way; and the ransomed shall walk in it.

Yea, the ransomed of Jehovah shall return: they shall come to Zion with songs.

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

TE DEUM.

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens, and all the powers therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise thee;

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee;

The noble army of martyrs praise thee;

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,

The Father of an infinite majesty;

Thine honorable, true, and favored Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Lord;

And Jesus Christ is thy well-beloved Son.

When thou gavest him to deliver man, it pleased thee that he should be born in lowly state.

When he had overcome the sharpness of death, he did open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

He sitteth at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that he will ever be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed through his most holy life.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thy heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up forever.

Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us; have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have we trusted: let us never be confounded.

THE

BOOK OF HYMNS,

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

ADAPTED BY

OMISSIONS AND ADDITIONS

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PREFACE.

The following "Collection of Hymns" has been made upon the basis of the "Book of Hymns," with considerable omissions in the body of the book, and the addition of one hundred and forty-two hymns at the end. The design has been to make the original "Book of Hymns" more serviceable, by substituting hymns that can be sung to the common tunes for those of uncommon metres; and to make it more complete, by adding many hymns that have become established favorites in Christian worship. The collection will be found unusually rich in hymns of aspiration, trust, and a living, healthy piety.

The hymns that have been added are noted in the index by an asterisk.

An asterisk prefixed to the author's name indicates that some change has been made in the hymn by the original compilers.

The Supplementary Hymns are stereotyped, and can be added to collections of the "Book of Hymns" now in use.

SPRINGFIELD, March 26, 1866.

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HYMNS.

I. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. S. M. * Emily Taylor

INVITATION.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come!
The God of peace shall meet you there,
He makes that house His home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love;
Soon shall ye lift a holier song
In fairer courts above.

4 Ye young, before His throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;

6 Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

---

2. P. M. H. WARE.

CALL TO PRAYER.

1 To prayer, to prayer!—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love:
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

2 To prayer!—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its solemn rest;
It speaks of creation's early bloom,—
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb:
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

3 Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength,
To join Christ's holy band at length;
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise;
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given,
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

3 S. M. * WATTS

CHEERFUL WORSHIP.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord!
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround His throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The sons of God have found
That heaven begins below:
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

---

4. L. M. ANONYMOUS

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

1 BE still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground:
Here in His house, the Lord to-day
Will listen, while His people pray.

2 Thou, tost upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

3 Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.

4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets Him here.

---

5. 7s. M. *

SEEKING GOD.

1 THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

2 Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that Thou art near:
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

4 Make us beautiful within
By Thy spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

6. L. M. HEBER.

THE SANCTUARY.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.

---

7. C. M. SPRINGFIELD COLL.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be Thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple Thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

---

8. 8 & 7s. M. WESLEYAN.

LOVE DIVINE.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

---

9. 8 & 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

SEEKING GOD'S PRESENCE.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still Thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to Thy laws,
Lord! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

---

10. L. M. GASKELL.

"IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE."

1 UNTO Thy temple, God of love,
Once more we come, with willing feet,
To raise our thoughts this world above.
And Thy paternal blessing meet.

2 May all Thy purest presence feel,
And silent keep each vain desire;
With humble hearts before Thee kneel,
And unto holier strength aspire.

3 May all be bound in bonds more true
To Thee, who art our life and light,
That through each path which we pursue,
We still may keep Thy love in sight.

4 And may we, when the day shall close,
Review its course without a fear;
And, nearer heaven than when it rose,
Feel it is good to have been here.

---

11. 7s. M. J. Taylor

ACCEPTABLE OFFERINGS.

1 Lord! what offering shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow:

2 Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

3 Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

---

12. S. M. Anonymous

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

1 Here, in this place of prayer,
Father! Thy face we seek:
Grant us that blessed peace to share,
Known to the pure and meek.

2 Come then to holy prayer,
Souls that seem lost in night;
Leave to the Lord your heavy care,
Who giveth life and light.

3 Come with a trusting prayer,
Though fears press down your souls;
The Saviour's promise, "I am there,"
Each saddening fear controls.

4 Here, in this place of prayer,
Let hearts in union meet:
Come, cast the load you cannot bear
Low at the Saviour's feet.

5 Then from this house of prayer
Shall mingling praise be given,
And angels, 'mid the holy air,
Shall bear the notes to heaven.

---

13. L. M. ANONYMOUS

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

1 Lo! God is here; let us adore,
And humbly bow before His face;
Let all within us feel His power,
Let all within us seek His peace.

2 Lo! God is here; Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

4 More of Thy presence, Lord! impart;
More of Thine image may we bear:
O, fix Thy throne in every heart,
And reign without a rival there.

---

14. 7s. M. BOWRING

THE TEMPLE.

1 In Thy courts let peace be found,
Be Thy temple full of love;
Here we tread on holy ground,
All serene, around, above.

2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows
Tranquillize the turbulent!
Give the weary one repose!

3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place;
Contemplation's blest retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace!

4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord! may we Thy temples know;
Hither for instruction come,
Hence by Thee instructed go.

---

15. 7s. M. GRAY

SUPPLICATION.

1 Suppliant, lo! Thy children bend,
Father, for Thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend,
We are weak, almighty Thou!

2 With the peace Thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blessed;
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father! be Thy laws impressed.

3 Pour into each longing mind,
Light and knowledge from above:
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

---

16. H. M. * WATTS

HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among Thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
To Him that heareth prayer!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!

They praise Thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Though oft through pain and tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat!
Our God and King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

---

17. 7s. M. J. Taylor

DEVOTION.

1 Lord, before Thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that Thou art near.

2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of Thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

18. L. M. Watts

HUNDREDTH PSALM.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Gave life to clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love,
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

---

19. C. M. Bowring

THE HEART'S WORSHIP.

1 The offerings to Thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart be there.

2 Upon Thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere,—
The tribute of the good.

3 Our offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by Thee;
If Thy pure spirit touch the breast
With its own purity.

4 O, may that spirit warm each heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

---

20. P. M. BARTON

WORSHIP IN SPIRIT.

1 OUR God is a spirit, and they who aright
Would offer the worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek with delight
The spirit the Father approveth.

2 This, this is the worship the Saviour made known
When she of Samaria found him
By the Patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noontide around him.

3 He having once entered hath shown us the way
O God! how to worship before Thee,
Not with the vain forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee.

21. 7s. M. Wesleyan

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

1 Light of life, seraphic fire!
Love divine, Thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart:
Every mournful spirit cheer,
Scatter all our doubt and gloom;
Father, in Thy grace appear,
To Thy human temples come!

2 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We can rest in nothing less:
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

---

22. 7s. M. Bowring.

EVERY GOOD GIFT FROM THE FATHER.

1 Father! Thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide:
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has Thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope Thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at Thy shrine;
These,—and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are Thine.

3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to Thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

---

23. L. M. FROTHINGHAM.

FOR SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

1 O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, Thy spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free;
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee.

4 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

---

24. L. M. H. Ware

COMING TOGETHER IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

1 Great God! the followers of Thy Son,
We bow before Thy mercy-seat,
To worship Thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at Thy feet.

2 O, grant Thy blessing here to-day!
O, give Thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of Thy love display,
And favor, that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

4 May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

---

25. L. M. Bowring

EVENING WORSHIP.

1 How shall we praise Thee, Lord of light!
How shall we all Thy love declare!
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer,—

That heaven, so bright with stars and suns,
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

2 We would adore Thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
Help us to praise Thee, Lord of light!
Help us Thy boundless love declare;
And, while we fill Thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

---

26. L. M. W. H. Burleigh

EVENING WORSHIP.

1 O Holy Father! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We would lift up our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness, and Thy power
For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall Thy children call
On Thee, our Father and our Friend!

2 Kept by Thy goodness though the day,
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars, — we pray
Thy love, to guard us evermore!
In grief, console; in gladness, bless:
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;
Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,
Before Thy throne our souls appear!

27. 7s. M. BOWRING.

HUMBLE WORSHIP.

1 WHEN before Thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All Thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought
When on Thy great name we call:
Man is nought, is less than nought;
Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to Thee
'Midst Thy light ineffable.

4 O, receive the praise that dares
Seek Thy heaven-exalted throne:
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

---

28. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

"AFTER THIS MANNER PRAY YE."

1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To Thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

---

29. C. M. C. WESLEY.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

1 FATHER and God of all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise Thy love.

2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Now to our souls bring in:

4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove:
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of Love.

30. 7s. M. * CONDER

"GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD."

1 DAY by day the manna fell;
O, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

5 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Glowing yet with gratitude!

---

31. C. M. * MONTGOMERY

A PRAYER.

1 GOD of all grace, we come to Thee,
With humble, prayerful hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:

2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of holy sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live:

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

4 Give these, — and then Thy will be done!
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, in the spirit of Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

---

32. C. M. MONTGOMERY

A PRAYER.

1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share.
Or God in wisdom grant.

2 Father of all our mercies, — Thou
In whom we move and live!
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal!

4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

---

33. 11 & 10s. M. *

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

1 Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair,—O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

4 Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

---

34. L. M. GASKELL.

SEEKING STRENGTH.

1 O GOD! who knowest how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs;
We pray that Thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts.

2 Let not the choking cares of earth
The precious springs of life o'ergrow;
But, ever guarded by Thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow.

3 To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

---

35. C. M. ANONYMOUS

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.

1 FROM every fear and doubt, O Lord.
In mercy set us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts draw near to Thee!

2 In all our trials, struggles, joys,
Teach us Thy love to see,
Which by the discipline of life
Would draw us unto Thee.

3 Our lives, devoted to Thy will,
Our sacrifice shall be,
And then will death, whene'er it come,
But draw us nearer Thee.

---

36. L. M. W. Scott

THE PILLAR AND CLOUD.

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen.
When brightly shines the prosperous day.
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And, O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

37 C. M. SMART.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

1 FATHER of light! conduct our feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Us nearer to our God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be our guide;
And when we go astray,
Recall our feet from folly's paths
To wisdom's better way.

3 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate each heart;

4 Till it shall lead us to Thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all our darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

---

38 L. M. MRS. COTTERILL.

LIVING TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

1 O THOU, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee:
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls Thy willing servants home.

---

39. L. M. ANONYMOUS

THE PEACE OF GOD.

1 O FATHER! lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in Thy dear love;
And still that Peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to Thy throne.

2 May we our daily duties meet,
Tread sin each day beneath our feet.
And win that strength which doth Thy will
And seeth Thee, and so is still;
And fixed on Thy sustaining arm,
Find daily food and know no harm.

Help us with man in peace to live,
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
And day and night the tempter flee
Through strength which comes alone fro
Thee!
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In Thy deep Peace forever blest.

40. L. M. DRYDEN.

DIVINE LIGHT IMPLORED.

1 O SOURCE of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy matchless energy;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

3 Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Our frailties help, our hearts control,
Subdue the senses to the soul.

4 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet from wisdom stray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

---

41. C. M. H. WARE.

FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

1 FATHER in heaven, to whom our hearts
Would lift themselves in prayer,
Drive from our souls each earthly thought,
And show Thy presence there.

2 Each moment of our lives renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear us on to God

3 Help us to break the galling chains
This world has round us thrown;
Each passion of our hearts subdue,
Each cherished sin disown.

4 O Father! kindle in our souls
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust,
In Thine almighty name.

---

42. C. M. DODDRIDGE

DOING ALL TO GOD.

1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O, let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine!

2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give
If Thou Thy love restrain.

3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense at Thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.

43. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift;
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below:

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,
Lest we should go astray:

4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live:
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

5 The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by Thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

---

44. L. M. H. MOORE.

MANLINESS AND FREEDOM.

1 SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and Thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from Thy breathing spirit came.

3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O, may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven,—an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!

5 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

6 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve Thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

---

45. C. M. METHODIST

MADE PERFECT IN LOVE.

1 FATHER, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards Thee.

3 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove!
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.

4 To us the ministry be given,
Which angels have above;
For love can make on earth a heaven,
And heaven is only love.

---

46. 11 & 10s. M. *J. F. Clarke.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

1 Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify Thy name:

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

3 Let all Thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be sealed.
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean,
O, speak the word! Thy servants shall be healed.

---

47. 8 & 7s. M. Ancient Hymns

THRICE HOLY.

1 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite.
Whilst our thoughts His greatness raises,
And our love His gifts excite.
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Thus, Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,'—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High!"

---

18. 7s. M. *Montgomery.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When, Creation's work begun,
Spake the Lord, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; his heart delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above

49. C. M. ADDISON.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

[1] WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

[2] Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

[3] When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

[4] Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

---

50. C. M. PATRICK.

TE DEUM.

[1] O GOD! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:

3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway."

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

---

51. 8 & 7s. M. DUBLIN COLL

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore Him!
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail:

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify His name!

---

52. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

[1] O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.

[2] He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

[3] He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth,
And, like the eagle, He renews
The vigor of Thy youth.

[4] Then bless His holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

---

53. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

GLORY TO GOD.

[1] GLORY be to God on high, —
God whose glory fills the sky!
Peace on earth to man forgiven, —
Man, the well-beloved of heaven!

2 Favored mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with His praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Mark the wonders of His hand;
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream!

4 Gracious Being! from Thy throne
Send Thy promised blessings down;
Let Thy light, Thy truth, Thy peace.
Bid our selfish passions cease.

---

54. 7s. M. BOWRING.

LOWLY PRAISE.

LORD, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let Thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a feeble offering,
Till Thy blessing makes it more.

2 More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason, and of right,
From Thy pardoning grace be given!
This can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

55. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE NUMBERLESS MERCIES OF GOD.

1 In glad amazement, Lord, I stand
Amid the bounties of Thy hand:
How numberless those bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O, what poor returns of praise!
What lifeless thanks my heart repays!
Lord, I confess with humble shame,
My offerings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my laboring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice;
It sinks beneath the mighty load:
What shall I render to my God?

4 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
The poor returns I make to Thee;
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make it worthier to be Thine.

---

56. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

1 My God! in morning's radiant hour
To Thee will I lift up my heart:
The shades of night obey Thy power,
And at Thy sun's bright beams depart.

2 Father and Guardian! to Thy shrine
The life Thou shieldest will I bring:
All, great Creator! all is Thine;
The heart my noblest offering!

3 The morning light shall see my prayer,
The noonday calm shall know my praise;
And evening's still and fragrant air
My grateful hymn to Thee shall raise.

4 So shall sweet thoughts and hopes sublime
My constant inspirations be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from Thee!

---

57. 7s. M. GASKELL

DOXOLOGY.

FATHER! glory be to Thee,
Source of all the good we see!
Glory for the blessed Light
Rising on the ancient night!
Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the silent tomb!
Glory for Thy spirit given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven!

---

58. 8 & 7s. M. BICKERSTETH.

CLOSING HYMN.

1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where Thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, Thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, we implore;
We have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.

59. L. M. CHR. PSALMIST.

THE HEAVENLY GUARDIAN.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend!
Teach me Thy statutes all divine,
And let Thy will be always mine!

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies!

---

60. 8 & 7s. M. SARAH F. ADAMS

PEACE BE WITH YOU.

1 PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise His name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

61. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

THE PEACE OF GOD.

PEACE of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come and all our hearts control!
Come, almighty to deliver!
Naught shall make us then afraid;
We will trust in Thee forever,
Thou on whom our hope is stayed!

---

62. 7s. M. BEARD'S COLL

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

1 GUIDE us, Lord! while, hand in hand,
Journeying toward the better land;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.

2 Guide us, while we onward move,
Linked in closest bonds of love,
Striving for the holy mind,
And the soul from sense refined;
That when life no longer burns,
And the dust to dust returns,
With the strength which Thou hast given
We may rise to Thee and heaven.

3 God of mercy! on Thee, all
Humbly for Thy guidance call;
Save us from the evil tongue,
From the heart that thinketh wrong,
From the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from Thee.
God of grace! on Thee we rest;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

---

63. L. M. WATTS

DOXOLOGY.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue!

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

---

64. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

GO IN PEACE.

1 Go in peace!—serene dismission
To the loving heart made known,
When it pours in deep contrition
Prayer before the eternal throne.

2 Go in peace! thy sins forgiven,
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free;
Every spirit-fetter riven,
Go in peace, and liberty!

3 Saviour! breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray;
Let us part in sweet conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

---

65. C. M. HEBER.

THE SEED OF THE WORD.

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do Thou Thy grace supply;
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

---

66. L. M. GASKELL.

WALKING WITH GOD.

1 THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with Thee, my God.
And make Thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.

2 Each blessing would I trace to Thee,
In every grief Thy mercy see;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of Thine encircling love.

3 And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that Thou art nigh:
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with Thee.

---

67. L. M. DODDRIDGE

CHRISTIAN FAREWELL.

1 THY presence, ever living God!
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;
When separate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and Thy gracious care.

3 To Thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore Thy heavenly grace;
Still cause Thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

4 Give us within Thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around Thy throne.

68. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

FOR GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

1 GOD of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 To Thee, our Father and our God,
We our whole souls resign;
And thankful own, that all we are
And all we have is Thine.

---

69. 7s. M. *NEWTON.

GOD EVER NEAR.

1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name.

2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.

3 From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.

4 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

5 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sanctify each cross and pain;
Give us, if Thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

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70. 8, 7, & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS

DISMISSION.

1 LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, Thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love:
Still support us
While in duty's path we move.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

II. GOD.

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71. L. M. LANGE.

THE MOST HIGH GOD.

1 UNCHANGEABLE, all-perfect Lord!
Essential life's unbounded sea!
What lives and moves, lives by Thy word;
It lives and moves and is, from Thee!
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets, the wandering thought,
Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye,
By Thee was to existence brought.

2 High is Thy power above all height,
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, holiness and might
Can by no finite mind be known.
What our dim eyes could never see,
Is plain and naked in Thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.

3 Thine, Lord, is holiness, alone:
Justice and Truth before Thee stand:
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Love ever dwells at Thy right hand.
And to Thy love and ceaseless care,
FATHER! this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are
From Thee, great Source of Life! doth flow.

72. 7s. M. GASKELL.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

1 MIGHTY God! the first, the last!
What are ages, in Thy sight,
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night?

2 All that being ever knew,
Far, far back, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within Thy view
As the present things of earth.

3 All that being e'er shall know
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before Thee now appears.

4 In Thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest,—
Could we see as Thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

---

73. 8 & 7s. M. BOWRING

GOD IS TRUTH AND LOVE.

1 GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

---

74. P. M. ANONYMOUS

GOD IS LOVE.

1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where Thou, almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

---

75. L. M. STERLING

LOVE SUPREME IN GOD.

1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in Thee.

2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law!

76. L. M. *

GOD KNOWN THROUGH LOVE.

1 No human eyes Thy face may see;
No human thought Thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow!

2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind,—

4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

5 And Thine unceasing love gave birth
To our dear Lord, Thy holy Son,
Who left a perfect proof on earth,
That Duty, Love, and Truth are one.

6 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to Thee!

77. 10s. M. Jones Very

GOD'S FATHERLY CARE.

1 Father! there is no change to live with Thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, Thy child, might sleep in peace with Thee.

---

78. L. M. Bryant

LOVING-KINDNESS OF GOD.

1 Father, to Thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

2 Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

3 Who send'st Thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind;
Then breathest, o'er the naked scene,
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

4 Yet deem we not that thus alone,
Thy mercy and Thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak Thy ways.

5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

---

79. 10s. M. JONES VERY.

GOD NOT AFAR OFF.

1 FATHER! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed.

2 In finding Thee are all things round us found!
In losing Thee are all things lost beside!
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

3 Open our eyes that we that world may see!
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear!
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near;

5 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all Thy vast, eternal scenes to range.

---

80. C. M. MONTGOMERY

THE EARTH FULL OF GOD.

1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in His providence and grace
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God:
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'Tis Eden where He trod.

3 The forests in His strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

4 In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze His Spirit blows,—
The breath of life and health.

5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

---

81. L. M. PIERPONT

EVERY PLACE A TEMPLE.

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary, by the Patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,—
The incense of the heart,—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee!

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung!

82. 7s. M. METHODIST.

GOD EVERYWHERE PRESENT.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;—
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;—
God is present everywhere.

---

83 L. M. MOORE.

GOD IN ALL.

1 THERE's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

---

84. L. M. MOORE.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

---

85. C. M. WHITTIER

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

1 THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 't were a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.

2 They kneel upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.

3 The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

4 The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

5 The sky is as a temple's arch:
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

86. L. M. H. M. Williams

GOD IN NATURE.

1 My God! all nature owns Thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night and Thou the day:
When all Thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to Thee belong.

2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the longing spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to Thee.

3 As o'er Thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
But, oft as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize
The joys that from Thy favor rise!

87. L. M. WREFORD.

GOD IN HIS WORKS AND WORD.

1 GOD of the ocean, earth, and sky,
In Thy bright presence we rejoice;
We feel Thee, see Thee ever nigh,
And gladly hear Thy gracious voice.

2 We feel Thee in the sunny beam;
We see Thee walk the mountain waves;
We hear Thee in the murmuring stream,
And when the tempest wildly raves.

3 God on the lonely hills we meet,
God, in the vale and fragrant grove,
While birds and whispering winds repeat,
That God is there,—the God of love.

4 We meet Thee in the pensive hour
When wearied nature sinks to rest;
When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower
And peace is given to every breast.

5 We see Thee when, at eve, afar
We upward lift our wondering sight,
We see Thee in each silent star
That glorifies the gloom of night.

6 But better still, and still more clear,
Thee in Thy holy Son we see;
There Thy own glorious words we hear,
And learn the way to heaven and Thee.

88. L. M. Fox's Hymns.

THE GREAT TEMPLE.

1 Though wandering in a stranger-land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort! thou art not alone,
While Faith hath marked thee for her own.

2 Wouldst thou a temple? look above,—
The heavens stretch over all in love;
A book? for thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.

3 And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

---

89. L. M. W. H. Burleigh

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

1 Not only doth the voiceful day
Thy loving kindness, Lord! proclaim,
But night, with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name.
Yea, while adoring seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to Thee.

2 Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy voice makes known;
Through all the earth, where thought may reach,
Is heard the glad and solemn tone:

And worlds, beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached a human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar,
That rolls along immensity.

---

90. L. M. BULFINCH

VOICE OF GOD IN THE SOUL.

1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

3 And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

5 Voice of our God, O, yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

91. C. M. JONES VERY.

THE LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

1 I saw on earth another light
Than that which lit my eye
Come forth, as from my soul within,
And from a higher sky.

2 Its beams still shone unclouded on,
When in the distant west
The sun I once had known had sunk
Forever to his rest.

3 And on I walked, though dark the night,
Nor rose his orb by day;
As one to whom a surer guide
Was pointing out the way.

4 'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam,
It shone from God within;
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
The world's dark track of sin.

---

92. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

SILENT WORSHIP.

1 Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour?
I will teach thy soul to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

2 Sweeter songs than poets sing
Thou shalt for thine offering bring;
Softly murmured hymns, that dwell
In devotion's deepest cell.

3 Know that music's holiest strain
Loves to linger, loves to reign,
In that calm of quiet thought
Which the passions trouble not.

4 Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour?
Thus thy soul may learn to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

---

93. 7 & 6s. M. METHODIST.

QUIET WORSHIP.

1 OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of Thy voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Will not in Thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love!

94. C. M. Cowper.

RETIREMENT.

1 Far from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy presence cheer the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And,—all harmonious names in one,—
My Father! Thou art mine!

---

95. C. M. H. M Williams

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

1 While Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore!

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on Thee!

---

96. P. M. MOORE.

THE HEART'S PRAYER.

1 As, down in the sunless retreats of the ocean.
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises, silent, to Thee.
My God! silent, to Thee,—
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

2 As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to Thee,
My God! trembling, to Thee, —
True, sure, trembling, to Thee.

---

97. 7 & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gives us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
On Him who saveth, call!
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

---

98. 7s. M. Mrs. Hemans.

ALL MUST PRAY.

1 Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;

2 Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily toil to leave;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

3 Traveller in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;

4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

---

99. C. M. MONTGOMERY

WHAT IS PRAYER?

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death·
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

---

100. L. M. HART

PRAYER THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

1 PRAYER is to God the soul's sure way;
So flows the grace he waits to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every need, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though poor and broken be its word;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak;
The breathings of the soul are heard.

4 Depend on Him ; thou shalt prevail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, His mercy will not fail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

---

101. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

SILENT PRAYER.

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

III. JESUS CHRIST.

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102. 7s. M. BOWRING.

ADVENT.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet the star ascends:
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own:
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

103. 11s. M. DRUMMOND.

"PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD!"

1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill;
The Lord is advancing; prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

---

104. 8 & 7s. M. GASKELL

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.

1 Darkness o'er the world was brooding
Sadder than Egyptian gloom;
Souls by myriads lay in slumber
Deep as of the sealed tomb.

2 Earth had lost the links which bound it
To the throne of light above;
Yet an eye was watching o'er it,
And that eye was full of love.

3 Like a glorious beam of morning,
Straight a ray pierced through the cloud,
Spirits mightily awakening
From their dark and heavy shroud.

4 Still that ray shines on and brightens,
Chasing mist and gloom away;
Happy they on whom it gathers
With its full and perfect day!

---

105. C. M. PATRICK.

THE NATIVITY.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind, —
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

---

106. C. M. E. H. Sears

THE BIRTH-SONG OF CHRIST.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's Eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

---

107. 8 & 7s. M. CAWOOD

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven:
Loud our golden harps shall sound."

4 "Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your prophet, priest, and king."

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

108. 11 & 10s. M. HEBER

EPIPHANY.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

3 Vainly we offer each costly oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

4 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

---

109. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

MISSION OF CHRIST.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a home,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Abides with holy fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In wretched bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

---

110. C. M. WATTS

CHRIST'S COMING.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

---

111. 7s. M. C. Wesley

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Star of truth, that, 'mid the night,
Guides bewildered man aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

4 There behold the dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

112. S. M. NEEDHAM

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word!

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way;
The path which Christ has marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

---

113. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

TEMPTED AS WE ARE.

1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet,—
Christ trod this very path before;
Our wants, our weaknesses, he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 If we, beneath temptation's stress,
Do fight against dark powers within,
So, in Judea's wilderness,
Christ wrestled with the thoughts of sin,
When, in a weary, lonely hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

3 So, tried as I, this earth he trod,
Knew every human ill but sin,
And though the holiest Son of God,
As I am now so hath he been;
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me;
For help and strength I turn to thee!

---

114. 7s. M. BULFINCH

"THE WORKS WHICH I DO BEAR WITNESS OF ME"

1 HOLY Son of God most high!
Clothed in heavenly majesty,
Many a miracle and sign,
In thy Father's name divine,
Manifested forth thy might
In the chosen people's sight.

2 But, O Saviour! not alone
Thus thy glory was made known;
With the mourner thou didst grieve,
Every human want relieve;
Far thy matchless power above
Stands the witness of thy love.

3 Thou, who by the open grave,
Ere thy voice was raised to save,
Didst with those fond sisters shed
Tears above the faithful dead;
Even thy word of might appears
Less resistless than thy tears.

[4] Lord! it is not ours to gaze
On thy works of ancient days;
But thy love, unchanged and bright,
More than all those works of might,
More than miracle or sign,
Makes us ever, ever thine.

---

115. C. M. ENFIELD.

EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

[1] BEHOLD, where in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

[2] To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

[3] 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

[4] In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

[5] Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

116. L. M. Doddridge.

CHRIST THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

[1] To Thee, O God, we homage pay, —
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all Nature's frame,
Reflects Thy love, and speaks Thy name.

[2] In louder strains we sing that grace
That gives the sun of righteousness;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

[3] Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With rays of light and love divine:
His beams reviving warmth can give;
Quickened by him, our souls shall live.

[4] O may his glory stand confessed
From north to south, from east to west;
And through his heavenly circle run
A bright and never-setting sun.

---

117. L. M. Anonymous.

CHRIST THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

[1] Thou art the Way; and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,

[2] By thee must come, thou Gate of Love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

3 Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
Beams on through earthly blight and bloom;
The pure, the everlasting Ray,
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb.

4 Thou art the Life, the blessed Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more.

---

118. C. P. M. MEDLEY.

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST'S CHARACTER.

1 O COULD we speak the matchless worth!
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine!
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 O the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,
And we shall see his face:
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

119. L. M. BOWRING

JESUS TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

---

120. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

THE MIND WHICH WAS IN CHRIST JESUS.

1 EVER patient, loving, meek,
Holy Saviour, was thy mind;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find;
Yet the mind that was in thee
May be, must be, formed in me.

2 Since such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou couldst feel,
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal.
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

3 When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear thee even thence;
Breathing words of peace and love;
Thus thy grace shall form in me
The same mind which was in thee.

---

121. 7s. M. BARBAULD

CHRIST'S INVITATIONS.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim! hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, and seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
Who the stings of sin can bear?

5 Sufferer! come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

---

122. C. M. GASKELL.

SPIRIT OF JESUS.

1 O, NOT to crush with abject fear
The burdened soul of man
Did Jesus on the earth appear,
And open heaven's high plan:
He came to bid him find repose,
And God his Father know;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

2 O, not in coldness nor in pride
His holy path he trod;
'Twas his delight to turn aside
And win the lost to God;
And unto sorrowing guilt disclose
The fount whence peace should flow;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

3 O, not with cold, unfeeling eye
Did he the suffering view;
Not on the other side pass by,
And deem their tears untrue;
'Twas joy to him to heal their woes,
And heaven's sweet refuge show;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

123. S. M. S. Longfellow.

LOVE AND DUTY.

[1] A voice by Jordan's shore!
A summons stern and clear, —
Reform! be just! and sin no more!
God's judgment draweth near!

[2] A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:
Love God! thy neighbor love! for, see,
God's mercy draweth near!

[3] O, voice of Duty! still
Speak forth; I hear with awe:
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

[4] Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty!

---

124. L. M. A. C. Coxe.

DIVINE BEAUTY OF CHRIST'S CHARACTER.

[1] How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

[2] O, who like thee, — so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

6 O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

---

125. L. M. BRETTELL

THE LIFE OF JESUS.

1 He lived as none but he has lived,
That wisest Teacher from above;
He died as none but he has died,—
His every act an act of love.

2 His fervent piety was breathed
To the lone waste, the desert hill;
And in the haunts of men he sought
To do his Heavenly Father's will.

3 He preached the gospel to the poor,
Beside the couch of anguish stood,
Consoled the sufferer, healed the sick,
And went about still doing good.

[4] With sinners he conversed, and gave
Peace to the weary, troubled mind;
Yet free from stain till life's last hour,
In him his foes no fault could find.

[5] Born 'midst the humblest sons of earth,
All earth's temptations he withstood;
And yet all human praise renounced,
Declaring God alone is good.

---

126. C. M. Sp. of the Psalms.

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.

[1] Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

[2] But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode:
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our Lord.

[3] O haste to follow where it leads!
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

[4] O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

127. L. M. RUSSELL.

THROUGH HIS POVERTY MADE RICH.

1 ON the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast;
And o'er the waters heavily
Sweeps cold and drear the evening blast.

2 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

3 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not the pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird his nest;—
He hath not where to lay his head.

4 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save, the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

---

128. L. M. *GASKELL.

CHRIST THE SUFFERER.

1 DARK were the paths our Master trod,
Yet never failed his trust in God;
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.

2 Unto the cross in faith he went,
His Father's willing instrument;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.

3 O, may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy;
Still loving man through every ill,
And trusting in our Father's will!

---

129. L. M. BULFINCH.

CHRIST THE SUFFERER.

1 O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear.

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame?

4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

---

130. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE."

1 "FATHER divine!" the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say,—Thy will, not mine, be done!"

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say,—Thy will, not ours, be done!

---

131. L. M. ANONYMOUS

"LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME."

1 A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!"

2 Ah, thou who sorrow'st unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away!"

3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy peace shall still the mourner's sigh;
Thy strength shall raise the faint and low.

4 Great chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the soul how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 't is thy throne;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is thine own.

6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last, lone way,
O, give the welcome of thy love.

---

132. C. H. M. Mrs. Hemans

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

1 He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony;
He poured in prayer his suppliant breath,
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun went down in fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow him;
That he who came to save might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He knew them all,—the doubt, the strife.
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How, but through him that path who trod?
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

---

133. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

IF I BE LIFTED UP, I WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME.

1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died:
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

134. 7s. M. BULFINCH.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

1 In the Saviour's hour of death,
Bound upon the cross of fear,
While his quick and struggling breath
Spoke the fatal moment near,
While his proud, triumphant foes
Mocked the sufferings that he bore,
Then his loving spirit rose
More sublime than e'er before.

2 He has taught us to forgive,
By his words in days gone by;
He has taught us how to live;
Can he teach us how to die?
Listen! as the cross they raise,
One brief prayer ascends to heaven;
For his murderers he prays,—
Father, may they be forgiven!

---

135. P. M. W. J. FOX.

STABAT MATER.

1 Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness,
Mary stood the cross beside.

2 At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.

3 Poets oft have sung her story;
Painters decked her brow with glory;
Priests her name have deified;

4 But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story,—
"Mary stood the cross beside."

5 And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.

6 But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

---

136. 7s. M. BULFINCH.

"IT IS FINISHED."

1 It is finished! glorious word
From thy lips, our suffering Lord!
Words of high, triumphant might,
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.
It is finished! all is o'er;
Pain and scorn oppress no more.

2 Now, no more foreboding dread
Shades the path thy feet must tread;
No more fear, lest in thine hour
Pain should patience overpower;
On the perfect sacrifice
Not a stain of weakness lies.

3 Champion! lay thine armor by;
'Tis thine hour of victory!
All thy toils are now o'erpast;
Thou hast found thy rest at last;
All hath faithfully been done,
And the world's salvation won.

137. 7s. M. HAWES.

I WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME.

[1] FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear! —
"Love's redeeming work is done:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

[2] "Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

[3] "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

---

138. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

CHRIST GLORIFIED ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN.

[1] SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

[2] Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day, the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock, appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love."

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?"

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given:
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the song in heaven!

IV. REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

139. C. M. MONTGOMERY

"IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee;—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
Will I remember thee.

140. P. M. WHITTIER.

WATCHING WITH JESUS.

1 O THOU, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain, —

2 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee!

---

141. P. M. F. H. HEDGE.

STRENGTH FROM THE CROSS.

1 "IT is finished!" Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

2 While extended there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer! draw us to thee;
Sufferer victorious!

3 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred emblem be;

4 Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee!

5 Still to thee! whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

6 Honored be thy cross forever;
Star, that points our high endeavor
Whither thou hast gone before!

---

142. 6 & 10s. M. *Mrs. Miles.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

1 It was no path of flowers,
Which, through this world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

2 O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

3 And, O, if thoughts of gloom
Should hover o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

143. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the griefs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross!

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die!

---

144. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

STRENGTH THROUGH CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

1 WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

3 When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe; —

4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death.

5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

---

145. 8 & 7s. M. BOWRING.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

1 In the cross of Christ we glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake us,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy;
Never shall the cross forsake us,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy!

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon our way;
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ we glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

---

146. L. M. Emily Taylor.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

1 If love, the noblest, purest, best,
If truth, all other truth above,
May claim return from every breast,
O, surely Jesus claims our love!

2 There 's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

3 His image meets us in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
We see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

4 We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him we tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with our God to seek.

5 We see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
We hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste that sin has made

6 We meet him at the lowly tomb,
And weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise,—and weep no more.

147 L. M. * Watts.

THE DIVINE EXAMPLE.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

---

148. 7s. M. Gaskell.

CHRIST WHO STRENGTHENETH ME.

1 When arise the thoughts of sin,
When the world our hearts would win,
When, to selfish pleasure given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven:
Lord, we would remember thee,—
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

2 When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go;
When, by toils and hardship pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest;
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.

3 When the way grows dark and drear,
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling through the thickening night;
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

---

149. C. M. GASKELL

FOLLOWING AFTER JESUS.

1 IN vain we thus recall to mind
The cross our Master bore,
Unless a holier strength we find,
And love his spirit more.

2 May we, like him, though thanked with ill,
Insulted, and withstood,
In hope and patience labor still
To do our brethren good.

3 Like him may we, unmurmuring, go
Our heaven-appointed way,
And learn, 'midst gathering storms of woe,
"God's will be done!" to say.

150. 11s. M. WHITTIER

CHRIST PRESENT IN THE SPIRIT.

1 O, WHAT though our feet may not tread where Christ trod,
Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor our eyes see the cross that he bowed nim to bear,
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer!

2 Yet, Loved of the Father! thy spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

3 O, the Outward has gone, but in glory and power
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning, the same.

---

151. C. M. EMILY TAYLOR

"I PRAY NOT FOR THESE ALONE."

1 "O, NOT for these alone I pray,'
The dying Saviour said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head;

2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

3 No, not for them alone he prayed,—
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet.
His feast of love to share;
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer!

---

152. L. M. GASKELL

BEARING WITH US THE DYING OF JESUS.

1 Not in this simple rite alone
May Calvary's cross to us be shown;
But may we turn, in many an hour,
To feel its soul-constraining power.

2 When indolence would have its will,
And selfish ease would keep us still,
Then to the Saviour may we look,
And meet his eye's serene rebuke.

3 When men have done us cruel wrong,
And angry thoughts are rising strong,
May we with softened hearts turn there,
And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer.

4 When sin looks tempting in our eyes,
May Jesus on the cross arise,
And ask if we will him forsake,
And wear the chains he died to break.

5 When pain, or sickness, or distress,
Our fainting souls would overpress,
To him on Calvary looking still,
May we find strength to bear God's will.

153. 7s. M. Pratt's Coll.

BREAD OF HEAVEN.

1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

---

154. L. M. Anonymous

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

1 When, blest Redeemer, thou art near,
The soul enjoys a sacred peace:
Thy presence calms our every fear,
And gives from every doubt release.

2 Be with us now, in truth and love,
In strength that conquers every sin;
O, cleanse, and bless, and lift above,
And may thy cross our hearts still win.

3 In suffering may we strength receive
From memory of thy victory won;
In doubt our drooping hopes revive; —
Thus be thy presence with us shown!

4 Be ever near our spirits, Lord;
And, drawn by sympathy, may we
Still, through thy cross, thy life, thy word,
In faith and love come near to thee!

---

155. S. M. C. Wesley

PRESENCE OF JESUS.

1 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we 're met;
From worldly paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

2 Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim!
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy peace and gladness feel!

4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

---

156. 10s. M. T. Parker.

CHRIST THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

1 O thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe;

2 We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light,
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know; — Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

---

157. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

ONE IN CHRIST.

1 A HOLY air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not Thee nor Thine;

3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all Thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

158. C. M. EMILY TAYLOR

COMMUNION.

1 O, HERE, if ever, God of love!
Let strife and hatred cease;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think of him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 Thy kingdom come! we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

---

159. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

INVITATION.

1 "COME who will," the voice from heaven,
Like a silver trumpet, calls;
"Come who will," — the church hath given
Back the echo from its walls.

2 Come, to rivers ever flowing
From the high, eternal throne;
Come, where God, his gifts bestowing,
In the church on earth is known.

3 Heavenly music! he who listens,
Longing for his spirit's home,
While his eye with rapture glistens,
Yearning says, — "I come, I come!"

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160. 11 & 10s. M. ANONYMOUS.

"COME UNTO ME."

1 COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned;

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn;

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness.
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

161. 8, 7, & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS

THE WEARY AND HEAVY-LADEN.

1 COME to Jesus, O my brothers,
Come in this accepted hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, — doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you, —
'T is the spirit's struggling beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden;
Wait not, — 't is your Saviour's call;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

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162. P. M. MOORE.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel!
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, living and pure;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

---

163. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

PARTING HYMN.

1 THROUGH thee as we together came,
In singleness of heart,
And met, O Jesus! in thy name,
So in thy name we part.

2 Nearer to thee our spirits lead.
And still thy love bestow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless, here below.

3 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

164. C. M. B. W. Noel.

REMEMBERING CHRIST.

[1] If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh, —

[2] O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from sin and woe?

[3] While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed! —
"Meet and remember me."

[4] Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which Thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

V. CHRISTIANITY AND THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

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165. C. M. GASKELL.

THE HERALDS OF THE CROSS.

1 FORTH went the heralds of the cross,
No dangers made them pause;
They counted all the world but loss,
For their great Master's cause.

2 Through looks of fire, and words of scorn,
Serene their path they trod;
And to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.

3 Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
Love changed to cruel hate;
And home to them was home no more;
Yet mourned they not their fate.

4 In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.

5 They knew to whom their trust was given,
They could not doubt His word;
Before them beamed the light of heaven,
The presence of their Lord.

6 O, may a faith as true be ours,
And shed as pure a light
Of peace across the darkest hours,
And make the last one bright!

---

166. 7s. M. * Johns.

THE PREACHERS OF THE WORD.

1 Thanks to God for those who came
In the Saviour's glorious name;
Who upon the green earth trod
But to teach the truth of God.

2 For the great Apostles, first,
Who from life's endearments burst,
Going from the Cross, and then
Leading to the Cross again:

3 For the next, who meekly poured
Willing blood to serve the Lord;
Fearless bore the racks of pain,
Felon's death, or captive's chain;

4 And for all, from shore to shore,
Who the blessed tidings bore;
All who wrought for liberty
When 't was treason to be free.

5 Ye, who now, in better days,
Live to spread your Maker's praise,
Shedding, each man's home around,
Light that consecrates the ground;

6 Teachers of the word of light,
Go forth in your Master's might!
Speed your embassy where'er
Life has grief, or death has fear!

167. S. M. ANCIENT HYMNS

THANKS FOR ALL SAINTS.

1 FOR all Thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy holy spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

---

168. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE WORD OF GOD.

1 GOD of the prophets' power!
God of the gospel's sound!
Move glorious on,—send out Thy voice
To all the nations round.

2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless Thee for Thy word;
We praise Thee for the joyful news
Of our ascended Lord.

3 O, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and solemn joy
In all our hearts appear.

4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.

5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

---

169. H. M. DODDRIDGE

THE GOSPEL.

1 MARK the soft falling snow
And the diffusive rain!
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
Till, watering earth
Through every pore,
It calls forth all
Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more."

---

170. S. M. MOORE

CHRISTIANITY.

1 BEHOLD the sun, how bright
From yonder east he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

2 So bright the gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then.

3 Before yon sun arose,
Stars clustered through the sky;
But, O, how dim, how pale, were those,
To his one burning eye!

4 So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night;
But, Lord, how faint, how cold, were they,
To Thy one glorious light!

171. L. M. EMILY TAYLOR.

THY KINGDOM COME!

1 "THY kingdom come!" The heathen lands,
In error sunk, Thy presence crave;
And victims bound by tyrant hands
Implore Thee, Father, come and save!

2 "Thy kingdom come!" Each troubled mind
In doubt and darkness calls for Thee;
For Thou hast eyes to give the blind,
And strength to set the captive free.

3 Thy reign of peace and love begin!
Too oft the Christian's sacred name
Is stained by wrath and shamed by sin;
O, come, assert the gospel's claim!

4 O, never in that righteous cause
Our hearts be slow, our voices dumb;
Upon the glorious theme we pause,
And fervent pray, "Thy kingdom come!"

---

172. C. M. GASKELL.

THY KINGDOM COME!

1 O GOD! the darkness roll away
Which clouds the human soul,
And let the bright, the perfect day,
Speed onward to its goal.

2 Let every hateful passion die,
Which makes of brethren foes;
And war no longer raise its cry,
To mar the world's repose.

3 Let faith, and hope, and charity,
Go forth through all the earth;
And man, in heavenly bearing, be
True to his heavenly birth.

4 Yea, let Thy glorious kingdom come
Of holiness and love,
And make this world a portal meet
For Thy bright courts above.

---

173. S. M. *H. Martineau.

THE COMING OF CHRIST IN POWER.

1 Lord Jesus, come! for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch, as for the dayspring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord Jesus, come! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain;
Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus, come! the slave
Still bears his heavy chains;
Their daily bread the hungry crave,
While teem the fruitful plains.

4 Hark! herald voices near
Lead on thy happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear!
We wait to strew thy way.

5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And let us stray no more!

174. 6 & 4s. M. MARRIOTT.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Descend Thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on Thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessed and glorious three,
Thrice holy trinity,
Wisdom, love, might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

175. C. M. *Moore.

THE LATTER DAY.

1 Who shall behold the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
Which hides the nations now!
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

2 Then shall the world no longer mourn
Beneath oppression's chain;
The days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

---

176. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People, and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen!

---

177. 10s. M. ASHWORTH.

TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

1 POUR, blessed gospel, glorious news for man!
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

2 On, piercing gospel, on! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key:
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee!

3 Tread, kingly gospel, through the nations tread!
With all the noblest virtues in thy train:
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led;
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign!

4 Spread, giant gospel, spread thy growing wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every land:
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings:
Proclaim them all thine own;—'t is His command!

---

178. L. M. ANONYMOUS

HYMN OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall sin's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 Thy God on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

179. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

---

180. 8 & 7s. M. NEWTON.

THE CHURCH EVERLASTING.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Love, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

5 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:

6 Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

---

181. L. M. WHITTIER.

CHRISTIANITY.

1 O FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, —

2 The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of all divine,
The pitying heart, the helping arm,
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine!

3 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

4 Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

5 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.

6 That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

---

182. C. M. H. Martineau.

CHRISTIAN EQUALITY.

1 All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal, when that earth
Fails from their dying eyes.

2 God greets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made;
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

3 'T is man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.

5 Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride;
Ye low! your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

---

183. C. M. BULFINCH

"THAT THEY MAY BE ONE."

1 WAS it in vain that Jesus prayed
For those he came to save,
When darkly o'er his path was laid
The shadow of the grave?

2 Hath Jesus loved and prayed in vain?
O doubting heart, be still!
Yet holds the Lord his glorious reign,
Despite of wrong and ill.

3 Though nations with their battle-cries
Profane the Almighty's name,
Though bigots to the offended skies
Their own wild wrath proclaim, —

4 Thousands, in every Christian land,
Have never bowed the knee
In worship to the idol-band
Of strife and perfidy.

5 And these are one; — though some may bend
Before the Virgin's shrine,
While others' prayers and thanks ascend,
Father! alone at Thine, —

6 Yet they are one; if through their hearts
The soul of love be poured,
As swells some strain of various parts,
Yet all in sweet accord.

184. S. M. JOHNS.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

1 HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

2 Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart,—
Sufferers are brothers all.

3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall!
Let love each harsher feeling drown, —
Christians are brothers all.

4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

---

185. C. M. GASKELL.

PEACE.

1 How long, O Lord, his brother's blood
Shall man in battle spill?
How long that mandate be withstood,
Which cries, "Thou shalt not kill?"

2 How long shall glory still be found
In scenes of cruel strife,
Where misery walks, a giant crowned,
Crushing the flowers of life?

3 O, hush, great God! the sounds of war,
And make Thy children feel
That he, with Thee, is noblest far,
Who toils for human weal; —

4 And though forgotten, he alone
Can be a Christian true
Who would his foes as brethren own,
And still their good pursue.

---

186. 7s. M. MILMAN

HE REBUKED THE WIND AND THE SEA.

1 LORD! thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters, Peace!
And the tempest died away;
Down they sank, the foaming seas,
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.

2 Lord! thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud!
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd!
Then the earth shall find repose
From oppressions, and from woes;
And an imaged heaven appear
In the world of darkness here.

187. L. M. *

THE HOPE OF MAN.

1 The Past is dark with sin and shame,
The Future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to Thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of Thy grace could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.

4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now; —
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou!

5 'T is dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt Thy certain love;
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!

---

188. 6s. M. ANONYMOUS.

BEHOLD, HE COMETH.

1 Hark! through the waking earth,
Hark! through the echoing sky,
Herald of freedom's birth,
There comes a glorious cry.

2 The triple chains that bind
Fall from the weary limb,
And from the down-crushed mind,
As soundeth that high hymn.

3 Unto man's waiting heart
It saith, — "Arise, be strong!
Bear thou an earnest part
Against all forms of wrong.

4 "Wouldst live in earth as lives
The glorious One above?
He for thy model gives
Himself, and he is Love.

5 "Love in each brother man
The God who loveth him;
Revere the stamp of heaven,
However marred and dim.

6 "Bid fear give place to love;
Bid doubt and passion cease;
Be every word of hate
Forever hushed in peace."

7 Sound, sound through all the earth!
Sound through the echoing sky!
Proclaim the world's new birth;
Proclaim the Lord is nigh!

---

189. 7s. M. *Montgomery.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SONS OF GOD.

1 God made all his creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.

[2] Sin the primal charter broke, —
Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

[3] But a better day shall be,
Life again be liberty,
And the wide world's only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.

[4] So shall every slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the new-born earth record
Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

---

190. L. M. BOWRING.

PROGRESS OF GOSPEL TRUTH.

[1] UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

[2] On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar,
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

[3] More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world, —

[4] Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

191. L. M. W. B. O. Peabody.

HEAVEN.

1 When all the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shadow falls at last,
It is not sleep — it is not rest:
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

2 Their mighty Master bids them rise
To radiant mansions in the skies,
Where each shall wear a robe of light,
Like His, divinely fair and bright.

3 Angels shall now unite their prayers
With those of spirits blessed as theirs;
And light shall gild their heavenly crown
From suns that never more go down.

4 No storms shall ride the troubled air,
No sounds of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales that breathe and die.

5 There parted friends again shall meet
In union, holy, calm, and sweet;
And earthly sorrow, fear, and pain
Shall never reach their hearts again.

---

192. 8 & 7s. M. Cowper.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;

Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again;
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

VI. THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

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193. P. M. Sp. of Psalms.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came, in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee!

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194. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE SPIRIT SAITH "COME!"

1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, "Wanderer, come!"
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids you come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come!"
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

---

195. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE PRODIGAL.

1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him; He is near.

---

196. L. M. Beard's Coll.

TURN, CHILD OF DOUBT.

1 Turn, child of doubt, estranged from God!
To error's joyless waste betrayed;
No light will there illume thy road,
No friendly voice will give thee aid.

2 O, turn, and leave that cheerless waste!
The shade of death,—the maze of woe!
There is a path that leads to rest,
A fount of life is given below.

3 Thy friend, thy Lord, from heaven revealed,
The lost, the erring, to recall,
That sacred fountain hath unsealed;
With voice of love he speaks to all.

4 He bids the dying wanderer turn,
To walk in duty's way, and live;
He speaks to wounded souls that mourn,
He speaks,—to heal and to forgive.

197. 7s. M. BRIGGS' COLL.

COME HOME!

1 SOUL! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God's spirit whisper thee.

2 Thus it saith, in accents mild,—
"Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From thy Father's earnest love
Still forever wilt thou rove?

3 "Turn to hope, and peace, and light,
Freed from sin, and earth, and night;
I have called, entreated thee,
In my mercies gentle, free.

4 "Human soul, in love divine
I have sought to make thee mine;
Still for thee good angels yearn;
Human soul, return, return!"

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198. C. M. WHITTIER.

THE CALL.

1 O, NOT alone with outward sign
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God, is given;
Awakening in the human heart
Love for the True and Right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

2 Though heralded by naught of fear,
Or outward sign, or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low;
Though dropping as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed it well,—
The call to Truth and Love.

---

199. 11s. M. ANONYMOUS.

ACQUAINT THEE WITH GOD.

1 ACQUAINT thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew, shall descend round thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

200. S. M. JOHNS.

THOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

1 THOU must be born again!
Such was the solemn word
To him who came, not all in vain,
By night to seek his Lord.

2 Thou must be born again!
But not the birth of clay;
The immortal seed must thence obtain
Deliverance into day.

3 Thou, in thy inmost mind,
Must own the same control;
The same regenerating wind
Must move and guide thy soul.

4 Thou canst not choose but trace
The steps the Master trod,
If once thou feel his truth and grace,
A conscious child of God.

5 The mortal's birth is past;
The immortal's birth must be;
Seek well and thou shalt find at last
That blest nativity.

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201. 7S. M. *JOHN TAYLOR.

A PENITENTIAL HYMN.

1 GOD of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Listen to Thy suppliant ones,
Thou, to whom all grace belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at Thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from Thee alone.

5 God of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O, restore Thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

---

202. 10s. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE BROKEN SHIELD.

1 O, SEND me not away! for I would drink,
Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life;
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

2 Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might?
Lo! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

3 Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
And lend to me Thy heavenly armor, Lord!

---

203. C. M. FURNESS.

THE PENITENT SON.

1 O, RICHLY, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by Thee!
And morning, noon, and night Thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

2 And yet the love which Thou shouldst claim
To idols I have given;
Too oft have bound to earth the hopes
That know no home but heaven.

3 Unworthy to be called Thy son,
I come with shame to Thee,
Father!—O, more than Father, Thou
Hast always been to me!

4 Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

5 That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—

6 Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host,
Encamping round about.

204. 7s. M. MILMAN.

LORD, HAVE MERCY.

1 LORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
Then Thy strengthening grace afford;
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord!

2 Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of the bright but distant heaven;
Then Thy strengthening grace afford;
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord!

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205. L. M. *

I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER.

1 To Thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee!

3 We trusted hope and pride and strength:
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to Thee, O Lord, again!

4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of Thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

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206. L. M. FLINT'S COLL.

THE STRENGTH OF THE ERRING.

1 YES! prayer is strong, and God is good;
Man is not made for endless ill;
The offending soul, in darkest mood,
Hath yet a hope, a refuge still.

2 Thou, God, wilt hear; these pangs are meant
To heal the spirit, not destroy;
And even remorse, for chastening sent,
When Thou commandest, works for joy.

---

207. C. M. * WREFORD.

PRAYER FOR INCREASE OF FAITH.

1 LORD! I believe; Thy power I own
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.

2 Lord! I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord! I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
Make strong my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek!

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow,
Help Thou my unbelief!

---

208. C. M. BARTRUM.

MY GOD, REMEMBER ME.

1 O, FROM these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free;
I struggle yet with darkness here, —
My God, remember me!

2 Refresh my drooping soul with grace
And quickening energy;
Still running, toiling in the race, —
My God, remember me!

3 Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from Thee;
And raise this feeble, drooping heart, —
My God, remember me!

4 For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings I flee;
With sins, and doubts, and fears, I fight, —
My God, remember me!

209. C. M. MILMAN

PRAYER FOR HELP.

1 O, HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, in word, in deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With doubt and anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father! from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!

---

210. 7s. M. RUSSIAN.

IN DOUBT.

1 WHY, thou never-setting Light,
Is thy brightness veiled from me?
Why does this unwonted night
Cloud thy blest benignity?

2 I am lost without thy ray;
Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord!
Light my dark and erring way
To the noontide of Thy word.

211. C. M. HUMPHRIES.

GOOD LORD, REMEMBER ME.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me!

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me!

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
Good Lord, remember me!

6 And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me!

212. P. M. Mrs. Follen.

LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

1 When, with error bewildered, our path becomes dreary,
And tears of despondency flow,
When the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is weary,
Despairing,—to whom shall we go?

2 When the thirsting soul turneth away from the springs
Of the pleasures this world can bestow,
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,
Impatient,—to whom shall it go?

3 O, blest be that light which has parted the clouds,
And a path to the wanderer can show;
That pierces the veil which the future enshrouds,
And tells us to whom we should go!

---

213. C. M. Bulfinch

HELP THOU OUR UNBELIEF.

1 Father, when o'er our trembling hearts
Doubt's shadows gathering brood,
When faith in Thee almost departs,
And gloomiest fears intrude;
Forsake us not, O God of grace,
But send those fears relief;
Grant us again to see Thy face;
Lord, help our unbelief!

2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
And fondest hopes lie dead,
And blessings, long esteemed our own,
Are now forever fled;
When the bright promise of our spring
Is but a withered leaf.
Lord, to Thy truths still let us cling;
Help Thou our unbelief!

3 And when the powers of nature fail
Upon the couch of pain,
Nor love nor friendship can avail
The spirit to detain;
Then, Father, be our closing eyes
Undimmed by tears of grief;
And, if a trembling doubt arise,
Help Thou our unbelief!

---

214. 7s. M. FURNESS.

CHRIST WHO STRENGTHENETH ME.

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to Thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever learn of him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die:

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above; —
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

---

215. L. M. ANONYMOUS

ANGELS FROM HEAVEN STRENGTHENING HIM.

1 WHEN in thine hour of conflict, Lord,
The tempter to thy soul was nigh,
Or when that bitter cup was poured
In thy deep garden-agony, —

2 Not then, when uttermost thy need,
Seemed light across thy soul to break;
No seraph form was seen to speed,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake;

3 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won;
Until the voice of faith was heard,
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"

4 Lord, bring those precious moments back,
When fainting against sin we strain;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.

5 In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still!

216. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY

IN TEMPTATION.

1 HASTEN, Lord, to my release;
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes like armed bands increase; —
Turn them back the way they trod.

2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Thou mine only helper art,
My redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Father! Helper! haste to save!

---

217. 11 & 10s. M. ANONYMOUS.

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

1 ALMIGHTY Father! Thou hast many a blessing
In store for every erring child of Thine;
For this I pray, — Let me, Thy grace possessing,
Seek to be guided by Thy will divine.

2 Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest,
Would I my supplications raise to Thee;
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,
But only that I give that heart to Thee.

3 I pray that Thou wouldst guide and guard me ever;
Cleanse, by Thy power, from every stain of sin;
I will Thy blessing ask on each endeavor,
And thus Thy promised peace my soul shall win.

---

218. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE SOUL'S REST.

1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages, spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 God is thy rest; with heart inclined
To keep His word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest; with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

219. L. M. MORAVIAN

SEEKING GOD.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'T is mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

220. C. M. COWPER.

WALKING WITH GOD.

[1] O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

[2] What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

[3] Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

[4] The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

[5] So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

---

221. L. M. WATTS.

DEVOUT RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

[1] MY God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey Thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her strife, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

---

222. L. M. MORAVIAN

ASPIRATION.

1 O, DRAW me, Father, after Thee!
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if Thou art near.

2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

3 In suffering be Thy love my peace;
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O Father! in my latest hour,
In death as life, be Thou my guide,
And draw me closer to Thy side.

---

223. L. M. C. Wesley

SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind:
Of power to conquer every sin;
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 O, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

---

224. C. M. C. Wesley.

WATCHFULNESS.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to find it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

---

225. S. M. C. Wesley.

SPIRITUAL WANTS.

1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want:
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

226. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE SOUL THIRSTING FOR GOD.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O, when, without a fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And His countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

---

227. S. M. MONTGOMERY

SEEKING REST.

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The rest for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 In Thee we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love,— the rest
Of immortality.

228. C. M. C. Wesley

THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O, that I now that rest might know,
Believe, and enter in;
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of Thy love.

---

229. S. M. C. Wesley.

DESIRE FOR HOLINESS.

1 That blessed law of Thine,
Father, to me impart; —
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O, write it in my heart!

2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove, —
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.

---

230. C. P. M. ANONYMOUS

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

1 O LORD! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 For when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened souls we rise;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear His children's cries.

3 O, may these trustless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease, —
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And, on His mercy, leaning still,
Find, in each trial, peace!

231. S. M. MONTGOMERY

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

1 FOREVER with the Lord!
So, Father, let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

5 And then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of that blessed word
Even here to me fulfil.

7 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Help, and I must prevail.

232. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

HEAVEN.

1 HEAVEN is a state of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create!
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew!
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.

3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

---

233. L. M. WESLEYAN

DESIRE FOR UNION WITH GOD.

1 O LOVE, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Father! nothing may I see,
And nought desire or seek, but Thee.

2 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to this high prize aspire;
Each hour within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

3 O, that I as a little child
May follow Thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed a mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become as one with Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things that love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know Thy love is near.

---

234. 7s. M. *Newton.

FOR A CHILDLIKE SPIRIT.

1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me loving, meek, and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child;
From distrust and envy free;
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows beneath his father's eyes
He is never left alone;
So would I with Thee abide,
Thou my Father, Guard, and Guide!

---

235. S. M. BRIGGS' COLL.

WALKING WITH GOD.

1 FATHER, I will not pray
Freedom from earthly ill;
But may Thy peace be o'er my way
With its dove-pinion still!

2 O, let a sense of Thee,
Of Thy sustaining love,
My bosom-guest forever be,
Where'er I rest or move!

3 A heavenly light serene,
With its unfading beams,
Within my trusting heart be seen,
More bright than childhood's dreams!

4 So let me walk with Thee,
Thy presence round my way;
Made by Thine aiding spirit free;
Thy love, my joy and stay.

236. L. M. Miss Bremer.

THIRST FOR LIVING WATERS.

1 I THIRST!—O, grant the waters pure
Which they who drink shall thirst no more;
O give me of that living stream,
Which ever flows, with heavenly gleam,
Forth from the presence of our God,
Through fields by holy angels trod!

2 I thirst!—O bounteous Source of Truth,
Give coolness to my fevered youth;
Make the sick heart more strong and wise;
Take spectral visions from mine eyes;
O, let me quench my thirst in Thee,
And pure, and strong, and holy be!

3 I thirst!—O God, great Source of Love!
Infinite Life streams from above.
O, give one drop, and let me live!
The barren world has naught to give;
No solace have its streams for me;
I thirst alone for heaven and Thee.

---

237. P. M. Jones Very.

DESIRES FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

1 WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

2 Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

3 Come! for I need Thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

---

238. 7 & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS.

ASPIRATION.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace!
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So the spirit, born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

239. P. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

NEARER TO THEE.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

---

240. S. M. MME. GUION.

LIVING WATERS.

1 THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The further it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of life, for Thee!
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

---

241. L. M. *MRS. STEELE.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

1 MY soul no more shall strive in vain,
Slave to the world, and slave to sin
A nobler toil I will sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 I will resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O, be His service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave His sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

---

242. L. M. OBERLIN.

SELF-DEDICATION.

1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee,

243. C. P. M. JANE ROSCOE.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

O GOD, to Thee, who first hast given
To mortal frame the spark of heaven,
I consecrate my powers;
Thine is its hoped eternity,
And Thine its earthly life shall be,
Through years, and days, and hours.

2 Here at Thy shrine I bow, resigned
Each struggling passion of my mind,
With all its hopes and fears;
To bend each thought to Thy control
Is the one wish that fills my soul,
Through all my future years.

---

244. 12s. M. *GASKELL.

THE NEW BIRTH

1 I AM free! I am free! I have broken away,
From the chambers of night, to the splendors of day;
All the phantoms that darkened around me are gone,
And a spirit of light is now leading me on.

2 Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new drest;
Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings, spring forth in my breast;
Happy voices are floating in music above;
All creation is full of the glory of love.

3 God of truth! it is Thou who hast shed down each ray
Of the sunshine that blesses and gladdens my way;
From the depths of my spirit, to Thee will I give
Ever-thankful affection, as long as I live.

---

245. 8 & 7s. M. Episcopal Coll.

SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

1 Father, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold above;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy love.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

246. S. M. BULFINCH.

BORN AGAIN.

1 O LORD! through Thee we own
A new and heavenly birth,
Kindred to spirits round Thy throne,
Though sojourners of earth.

2 How glorious is the hour,
When first our souls awake,
Through Thy mysterious spirit's power,
And of new life partake.

3 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

4 The life which Thou hast given,
O Lord! shall never end;
The grave is but the path to heaven,
And death is now our friend.

---

247. 11s. M. MONTGOMERY

GOD OUR SHEPHERD

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my
stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my
head;
O, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers
trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy
kingdom of love.

---

248. 7s. M. Sp. of the Psalms.

HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE.

1 They, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh;
Lo, His sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
They shall be the Father's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near
Faith and love can never fear.

---

249. L. M. GERMAN.

THE CHILD OF GOD.

1 NONE loves me, Father, with Thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine;
O, grant me, as Thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of Thine!
From every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace.

2 Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in Thee to live:

3 A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from Thy way decline,
And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to Thine,—
A heart that loves to trust in Thee,
A patient heart, create in me!

250. L. M. GASKELL.

FAITH IN GOD'S LOVE.

1 O FATHER! humbly we repose
Our souls on Thee, who dwell'st above,
And bless Thee for the peace which flows
From faith in Thine encircling love.

2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to Thee;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable Thou still wilt be.

3 Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from Thy sight;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.

4 All things Thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath, and heaven above,
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in Thine encircling love.

---

251. L. M. *DYER

ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.

1 WE all, O Father, all are Thine;
All feel Thy providential care;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike Thy constant love we share.

2 And whether grief oppress the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its little course;
Or death invite the heart to rest;—

3 All are Thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to heaven, and nearer Thee.

---

252. L. M. * Bowring.

RESIGNATION.

1 O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise and holy will,
Though wrapped in fears and mystery:
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see;
Yet all is well since ruled by Thee!

2 When, mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar,
Thy light sweet beaming through their frown:
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of Thee, and smile again.

3 So, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

253. 7 & 6s. M. *C. Wesley.

TRUST.

1 See the Lord, thy keeper, stand,
Omnipotently near;
Lo! He holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with His wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

2 God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
And guard from every sin.
Lean upon thy Father's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy Guardian never sleeps.

3 O, my soul, unceasing pray,
And in thy God confide!
He our faltering steps shall stay,
Nor suffer us to slide:
He is still our sure defence,
We his ceaseless care shall prove,
Kept by watchful Providence
And ever-waking love.

254. S. M. MORAVIAN.

RELIANCE.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause,—His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

4 Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

---

255. C. M. ALFORD.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

Psalm xlvi.

1 GOD is our refuge and our strength,
When trouble's hour is near;
A very present help is He;
Therefore we will not fear.

2 Although the pillars of the earth
Shall clean removed be,
The very mountains carried forth,
And cast into the sea;

3 Although the waters rage and swell,
So that the earth shall shake;
Yea, and the solid mountain roots
Shall with the tempest quake;

4 There is a river that makes glad
The city of our God;
The tabernacle's holy place
Of the Most High's abode.

5 The Lord is in the midst of her,
Removed she shall not be;
Because the Lord our God himself
Shall help her speedily.

6 The Lord our strength and refuge is,
When trouble's hour is near;
A very present help is He;
Therefore we will not fear.

---

256. S. M. MORAVIAN.

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears!
Hope and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.

4 Thou comprehend'st Him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

6 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly Thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

---

257. S. M. ANONYMOUS

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAY.

1 REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls;
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?

5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

---

258. S. M. * DODDRIDGE.

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, leave your burdens to the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
Ye shall securely dwell;
The hand that bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.

3 O, why should anxious thought
Press down your weary mind?
Come, seek your Heavenly Father's face,
And peace and gladness find.

4 His goodness stands for all
Unchanged from day to day;
We'll drop our burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

259. C. M. COWPER.

THE MYSTERIES OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His vast designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

260. C. M. MERRICK.

"HE KNOWETH WHAT YE HAVE NEED OF."

1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on Thee;
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In Thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O, let Thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide!

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Thy mercy still supply!
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny!

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261. L. M. COLLETT.

RELIANCE.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On Thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

4 Be this my care! — to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God! on Thee.

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262. C. M. ANONYMOUS

TRUST IN THE LORD.

1 WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,
And stay my heart on Thee.

2 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to Thee.

3 Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done!
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at Thy throne,
And trust alone in Thee.

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263. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

THY WILL BE DONE.

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will, my God, be done!

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will, my God, be done!

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will, my God, be done!

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will, my God, be done!

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
Thy will, my God, be done!

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
Thy will, my God, be done!

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264. L. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

THY WILL BE DONE!

1 He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
Alike they 're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun.
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

3 O, ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath, —
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

---

265. P. M. BOWRING.

THY WILL BE DONE!

1 THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say
Thy will be done!

2 Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine: —
Thy will be done!

3 Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,
Is ours, — to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done!

266. L. M. Mrs. Gilman.

A FATHER'S CARE.

1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power;—
My Father! let me turn to Thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief;
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ;—
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with Thee, their home.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

---

267. 7s. M. Heber.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

1 Lo, the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety:—
Mortals, banish doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

2 One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps His children lest they fall:
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting Him through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

---

268. 10s. M. JONES VERY.

THE SON.

1 FATHER! I wait Thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting Thy command,
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.

2 The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,—
Then, every drop speeds onward at Thy call.

3 The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;—
So does my spirit wait Thy presence now,
To pour Thy praise in quickening life along.

269. 7s. M. BOWRING.

"FATHER! GLORIFY THY NAME!"

1 FATHER! glorify Thy name!
Whatsoe'er our portion be,
Wheresoever led by Thee,
If to glory, — if to shame, —
Father! glorify Thy name!

2 Let Thy name be glorified!
If in doubt and darkness lost,
Hope deceived and purpose crost,
Naught amiss can e'er betide, —
Let Thy name be glorified!

3 Father! glorify Thy name!
Vain and blind our wishes are;
This can be no idle prayer,
This can be no worthless claim, —
Father! glorify Thy name!

---

270. L. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD LEADS US RIGHT.

1 LEADER of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

271. 7s. M. • Cowper.

THE CROSS.

1 'T is my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all, —
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil;
Trials make our faith sublime,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Lift us to a holier clime,
Make us strong to do and bear.

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272. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

1 Saviour! I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Though by all things else forsaken,
Thou shalt my Redeemer be.

2 Perish every fond ambition.
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet, how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own.

3 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do and bear.

4 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are 'hine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from cross to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall lead thee there.

---

273. C. M. MOORE.

FAITH.

1 The dove, let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to Thee:

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

274. C. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

THE STRENGTH OF HOPE.

1 THE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, —
But prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears, to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

3 O, no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond.
Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

275. C. M. CHR. REGISTER

FAITH TRIUMPHANT OVER SORROW.

1 NOT that Thy boundless love, my God,
Sheds blessing on my way,
And gilds as with a heavenly beam
The darkness of earth's day,—
Not now for breath of summer flowers,
For smiles of sunny skies,
The still, small voice of gratitude
Shall to Thine ear arise.

2 I bless Thee for the ministry
Of sorrow's lonely hour,
When darkly o'er my stricken head
I see the storm-clouds lower;
Thy love can still the billows' roar,
And whisper, "Peace; be still!"
While faith doth on Thy promise rest,
And bless the Father's will.

3 The shadow and the storm must come;
O, grant that faith divine
Which triumphs o'er the might of grief,
And moulds man's will to Thine!
In hours of deepest gloom, mine eye
One blessed ray can see;
A sunlit side that cloud must have,
Which hides Thy face from me.

276. L. M. JANE ROSCOE

THE BITTER CUP.

1 THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe;
O Father! joyful on my way,
To drink Thy bitter cup, I go.

---

277. S. M. DODDRIDGE

I SAY UNTO YOU, WATCH!

1 YE servants of the Lord!
Each in your office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in His sight;
For holy is His name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

---

278. P. M. WHITTIER.

PATIENCE.

1 SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way?

2 O, oft a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,
The self-renouncing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

3 We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong;
And in the ear of pride and power
Our warning voice is strong.

4 Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer;
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare:

5 But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

6 O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain,—

7 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee!

---

279. L. M. WOTTON

INDEPENDENCE.

1 How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend!

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

280. S. M. JOHNS.

PURITY.

1 O! KNOW ye not that ye
The temple are of God?
Revere the earth-built shrine, where He
Should find a meet abode!

2 Immortal man, keep pure
Thyself, that mystic shrine;
Let hate of all that 's dark endure,
And love of all divine.

3 Let saintly thoughts be shown
In act by saintly things;
Like glories through the temple thrown,
From cherub's curtained wings.

4 Let life, a holy stream,
Its fountain holy show;
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
Heaven's purity below.

---

281. S. M. KEBLE.

THE PURE IN HEART.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is His abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
God doth Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.

282. 10s. M. ANONYMOUS

"IF HE GIVETH QUIET, WHO CAN MAKE TROUBLE?"

1 QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven!

2 To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;
To bear about forever in the heart
The gladness which His spirit doth reveal!

3 Who shall make trouble, then? Not evil minds,
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower;
The soul which peace hath thus attunéd finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

4 What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
Of the departed; that will be a part
Of those undying things His peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

5 What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting pain,
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

283. L. M. JANE ROSCOE.

JUDGE NOT.

1 O, WHO shall say he knows the folds
Which veil another's inmost heart,—
The hopes, thoughts, wishes, which it holds,
In which he never bore a part?
That hidden world no eye can see,—
O, who shall pierce its mystery?

2 There may be hope as pure, as bright,
As ever sought eternity,—
There may be light,—clear, heavenly light,
Where all seems cold and dark to thee;
And when thy spirit mourns the dust,
There may be trust,—delightful trust.

3 Go, bend to God, and leave to Him
The mystery of thy brother's heart,
Nor vainly think his faith is dim,
Because in thine it hath no part;
He, too, is mortal,—and, like thee,
Would soar to immortality.

4 And if in duty's hallowed sphere,
Like Christ, he meekly, humbly bends,—
With hands unstained, and conscience clear,
With life's temptations still contends,—
O, leave him that unbroken rest,
The peace that shrines a virtuous breast!

5 But if his thoughts and hopes should err,
Still view him with a gentle eye,—
Remembering doubt, and change, and fear,
Are woven in man's destiny;
And when the clouds are passed away,
That truth shall dawn with brightening day.

284. C. M. Miss Fletcher

KINDLY JUDGMENT.

1 Think gently of the erring one!
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

---

285. C. M. Anonymous.

SPEAK GENTLY.

1 Speak gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young,—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!

5 Speak gently,—'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

---

286. C. M. JONES VERY.

KIND WORDS.

1 TURN not from him who asks of thee
A portion of thy store;
Thou poor in worldly goods may'st be,
Yet canst give what is more.

2 The balm of comfort thou canst pour
Into his grieving mind,
Who oft is turned from wealth's proud door,
With many a word unkind.

3 Does any from the false world find
Naught but reproach and scorn?
Does any, stung by words unkind,
Wish that he ne'er was born?

4 Do thou raise up his drooping heart,
Restore his wounded mind;
Though naught of wealth thou canst impart
Yet still thou may'st be kind.

5 And oft again thy words shall wing
Backward their course to thee,
And in thy breast will prove a spring
Of pure felicity.

---

287. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

"NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE."

1 O, IF thy brow, serene and calm,
From earthly stain is free,
View not with scorn the erring one, —
He once was pure like thee.

2 O, if the smiles of love are thine,
Its joyous ecstasy,
Shun not the poor forsaken one, —
He once was loved like thee!

3 And still, 'mid shame, and guilt, and woe,
One Being loves him still,
Who, blessing thee, hath poured on him
The world's extremest ill.

4 He knows the secret lure which led
Those youthful steps astray;
He knows that they who holiest are
Might fall from Him away.

5 Then, with the love of him who said
"Go thou, and sin no more,"
Save, save, the sinner from despair,
And peace and hope restore.

288. L. M. SCOTT

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

[1] ALL-SEEING God! 'tis Thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow,—
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

[2] Who, among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, Thy foe?
Or doom him to the realms of woe?

[3] Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting Thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to Thy commands alone.

[4] If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While, faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all Thy will.

---

289. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

ONLY WAITING.

[1] ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown,—
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

[2] Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

[3] Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

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290. 8 & 7s. M. A. C. Coxe.

CALL OF THE AGE.

[1] We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling:
To be living is sublime.

[2] On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake, go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!

---

291. L. M. Drummond.

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD.

[1] As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith, — a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

[2] One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

2 In true and genuine faith we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

---

292. 7s. M. W. Roscoe.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

1 Thus said Jesus: — "Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto:"
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.

2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.

3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

4 For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.

5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all His children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

293. C M. PEABODY.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

1 WHO is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 't is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? 't is the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

294. C. M. R. C. TRENCH

THE LAW OF LOVE.
2 Kings, iv. 3.

1 POUR forth the oil, — pour boldly forth;
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

2 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

3 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

4 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have; —
Such is the law of love.

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295. C. M. ANONYMOUS

WORDS AND DEEDS.

1 BENEATH the thick but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.

2 Traditions, forms, and selfish aims,
Have dimmed the inner light;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world
And angels from our sight.

3 Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair.

4 We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Wouldst thou see truth? To action wake, —
Do the divine behest.

296. P. M. ANONYMOUS

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

1 THIS world is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There 's something here of heaven.

2 And he who walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit, from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Feels something here of heaven.

3 He that the Christian course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Hath measured out this life's short span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

---

297. C. H. M. BARTON.

BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

1 O, BE not faithless! with the morn
Cast thou abroad thy grain!
At noontide faint not thou forlorn,
At evening sow again!
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
Who thus all waters sow beside.

2 Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
Or which may die, or live;
In faith, and hope, and patience, sow!
The increase God shall give,
According to His gracious will, —
As best his purpose may fulfil.

3 O, could our inward eye but view,
Our hearts but feel aright,
What faith, and love, and hope, can do,
By their celestial might,
We should not say, till these be dead,
The power of miracle is fled.

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298. 10s. M. MRS. CASE

LOVE ON!

1 LOVE on! love on! but not the things that own
The fleeting beauty of a summer day;
Truth, virtue, spring from God's eternal throne,
Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay:
Love them! love them!

2 Love on! love on! though death and earthly change
Bring mournful silence to a darkened home:
Still let the heart rest where no eye grows strange,
Where never falls a shadow from the tomb:
Love there! love there!

3 Love on! love on! the voice of grief and wrong
Comes from the palace and the poor man's cot;
Bid the proud bend, and bid the weak be strong,
And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot:
Give strength! give peace!

4 Love on! love on! and though the evening still
Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noon-day sun,
With changeless trust, with calm, unwavering will,
Work! bravely work! till the last hour be done:
Love God! love Man!

---

299. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING.

1 O, STILL trust on, if in the heart
A holy inspiration rest, —
Though painful be the chosen part,
With doubts, and fears, and cares opprest!
O, shrink not, brothers, though Christ's call
Demand our youth, our strength, our all!

2 No offering is made in vain;
Some human soul shall feel our love;
E'en weary hours of toil and pain
Shall help to lift our souls above:
And may our recompense be given,
In leading many souls to heaven!

3 And still trust on! with trembling hand,
'T is ours a little seed to sow;
It springs at the divine command,—
Shall, if God will, to ripeness grow;
Beauty and fragrance it shall bring,
And breathe an everlasting spring.

---

300. C. M. JONES VERY

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

1 THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth, the present hour,—
Of that thou hast most need.

2 Do thy best always,— do it now,—
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

4 And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

301. P. M. WHITTIER

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

1 HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?

2 Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
What, and where, is truth?

3 Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.

4 Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

5 And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

---

302. S. M. CHR. PSALMIST

ALL WORK DIVINE.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way;
In all be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

---

303. L. M. STERLING.

DIVINE MEANING IN HUMBLE THINGS.

1 THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright;
O, grant that we may own Thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!

2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee.

3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from Thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being! save by Thee;

4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

304. L. M. KEBLE

SEEING GOD IN ALL.

1 If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What light would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

---

305. L. M. DODDRIDGE

FORMS VAIN WITHOUT THE SPIRIT.

1 The uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to Thee:
In vain our lips Thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of Thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain Thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to Thy will resigned,
To Thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

4 Love God and man, — this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did Thine ancient prophets teach,
And this Thy well-beloved preach.

---

306. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

LIFE'S WORK.

1 ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

3 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart:
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, —
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

307. C. M. ANONYMOUS

EFFORT.

1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

---

308. 7s. M. *BULWER.

THE MINISTER OF LOVE.

1 O'ER the mount and through the moor
Glide the Christian's steps secure;
Day and night, no fear he knows;
Lonely, but with God, he goes:
For the coat of mail, bedight
In his spotless robe of white;
For the sinful sword, his hand
Bearing high the olive-wand.

2 Through the camp, and through the court,
Through the dark and deadly fort,
On the mission of the dove,
Speeds the minister of love;
By his word the wildest tames,
And the world to God reclaims;
War, and wrath, and famine cease,
Hushed around his path of peace.

---

309. C. M. M. B. Lamar

THE CHRISTIAN REFORMER.

1 Nay, tell us not of dangers dire
That lie in duty's path;
A warrior of the cross can feel
No fear of human wrath.

2 Where'er the Prince of Darkness holds
His earthly reign abhorred,
Sword of the spirit, thee we draw,
And battle for the Lord.

3 We go! we go, to break the chains
That bind the erring mind,
And give the freedom that we feel
To all of human kind.

4 But, O, we wear no burnished steel,
And seek no gory field;
Our weapon is the word of God,
His promise is our shield.

5 And still serene and fixed in faith,
We fear no earthly harm;
We know it is our Father's work,
We rest upon His arm.

310. 8 & 7s. M. LONGFELLOW.

PSALM OF LIFE.

1 TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

4 Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

5 Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

311. C. M. WATTS.

THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

[1] AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

[2] Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

[3] Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

[4] Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

[5] Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And soon with Christ shall reign.

[6] When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

312. L. M. GASKELL.

PRESS ON!

1 PRESS on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

2 Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

3 Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death;
Then shall ye hear God's word, "Well done!"
True to the last, press on, press on!

---

313. 8 & 7s. M. *

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

1 ONWARD, Christian. though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—"God is Love."
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever,—heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
O, for their sake, press thou on!

5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

6 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—"Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!"

---

314. 7s. M. GASKELL

SLEEP NOT AS DO OTHERS.

1 SLEEP not, soldier of the cross!
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose,
This is but thy battle-ground.

2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;
Up! it is the call of Heaven;
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,
Nobly strive as he hath striven.

3 Break through all the force of ill:
Tread the might of passion down;
Struggle onward, upward still,
To the conquering Saviour's crown!

315. C. M. DODDRIDGE

FORGETTING THE THINGS BEHIND.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

---

316. C. M. ANONYMOUS

THE WHOLE ARMOR OF THE LORD.

1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way!
And to thine armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That love and mercy bring!

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 O, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs
Are heard before God's throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

---

317. P. M. STAUGHTON.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian! when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian! when the night's longest:
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth will be forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian! Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian! heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised faltereth never:
The love of eternity flows on forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian! just as it closeth:
Raise the heart, Christian! ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;
Mount when the work is done,—praise God forever!

---

318. L. M. MRS BARBAULD

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captives led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

---

319. 7s. M. BULFINCH

STRUGGLE.

1 THERE's a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close:
Blest the bold who dare engage!
Woe for him who seeks repose!

2 Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.

3 What our foes? Each thought impure·
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;

4 Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age.

5 On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

---

320. 8 & 7s. M. Miss Bremer.

SUFFERING AND ACTION.

1 Cheek grow pale, but heart be vigorous!
Body fall, but soul have peace!
Welcome, pain! thou searcher rigorous!
Slay me, but my faith increase.

2 Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing;
Doubt, that would my strength impair;
Hence at once from life and feeling! —
Now my cross I gladly bear.

3 Up, my soul! with clear sedateness
Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad.
Up! a sacrifice to greatness,
Truth, and goodness, — up to God!

4 Up to labor! from thee shaking
Off the bonds of sloth, be brave!
Give thyself to prayer and waking;
Toil some fainting heart to save!

321. L. M. ROSCOE

THE PILGRIM.

1 Go, suffering pilgrim of the earth,
Go, conscious of thy heavenly birth,
And, 'midst the storms that round thee rise,
Retrace thy journey to the skies.

2 What though the wild winds rage around?
Thou wilt not tremble at the sound;
What though the waters o'er thee roll?
They touch not thine immortal soul.

3 See where, arrayed on either hand,
The direful train of passions stand;
See hatred, envy, bar thy way,
And foes more subtle still than they.

4 But, robed in innocence and truth,
From all temptation guard thy youth;
And from thy vestment's sacred bound
Shake the dread fiends that cling around.

5 Go with pure heart and steadfast eyes,
Strive on till that bright morn shall rise
That gives thee to thy blest abode,
To rest forever with thy God.

---

322. L. M. NORTON

FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERINGS.

1 FAINT not, poor traveller, though the way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

2 Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

3 Christian! thy friend, thy master, prayed,
While dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his sufferings undismayed;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same?

4 O, thinkest thou his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise?

5 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share.

---

323. L. M. NEWTON

TRUST IN GOD.

1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to His endless praise.

---

324. 7s. M. GASKELL.

REFUGE IN GOD.

1 We would leave, O God, to Thee,
Every anxious care and fear;
Thou the troubled thought canst see,
Thou canst dry the bitter tear.

2 Thou dost care for us, we know, —
Care with all a Father's love;
Thou canst make each earthly woe
Work to higher bliss above.

3 On this faith we fain would rest;
Strengthen Thou its blessed power!
Steadfast keep it in our breast,
Through each dark and trying hour.

---

325. L. M. MORPETH.

THE USE OF TEARS.

1 How little of ourselves we know,
Before a grief the heart has felt!
The lessons that we learn of woe
Make strong the soul, as well as melt.

2 The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Though blight and blast their course fulfil.

3 And yet 't is when it mourns and fears,
The laden spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

---

326. L. M. BRYANT

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

1 DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that now o'erflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

3 O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light.

4 And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
Know that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to your arms again.

---

327. L. M. NORTON.

MY GOD, I THANK THEE!

1 MY God, I thank Thee! may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore Thy will.

---

328. L. M. DODDRIDGE

WEEPING SEEDTIME; JOYFUL HARVEST.

1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with showers.
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of God revive;
He bids the soul that seeks Him live,
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home,
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

---

329. L. M. N. Y. Coll.

AFFLICTION, GOD'S ANGEL.

1 Affliction's faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and downcast eye;
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o'er her head.

2 But deem her not a child of earth;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth;
Beside the throne of God she stands
To execute his kind commands.

3 The messenger of love, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.

4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn;
And from her lips these accents steal,—
"God smites to bless, he wounds to heal!"

---

330. 10s. M. *Mrs. Howitt.

IN AFFLICTION.

1 Thou that art strong to comfort, look on me!
I sit in darkness and behold no light;
Over my soul the waves of agony
Have gone, and left me in a rayless night.

2 A bruised and broken reed sustain! sustain!
Divinest Comforter, to Thee I fly,
To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain;
Support me with thy love, or else I die.

3 Father, what'er I had, it all was thine;
A God of mercy Thou hast ever been;
O, help me what I most loved to resign,
And if I murmur, count it not for sin.

4 My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear
All that remains, whatever it may be;
And from the very depths of my despair
I will look up, O God, and trust in Thee!

---

331. C. M. * Barton.

AT EVENING THERE SHALL BE LIGHT.

1 Our pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last; —
Not to the last! God's word hath said,
Could we but read aright:
O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light!

2 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path a while,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

3 When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
Token that storms shall cease.
Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfilled, —
"At eve it shall be light."

---

332. C. M. ANONYMOUS

GOD'S WAY IS ON THE DEEP.

1 THY way is on the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we 'll go with Thee;
We 'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

2 Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so?
Who gives the storms a path will find
The way our feet shall go.

3 A moment may His hand seem lost,
Drear moment of delay; —
We cry, "Lord, help the tempest-tost!"
And safe we 're borne away.

4 O happy soul, of faith divine!
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

333. H. M. Mrs. Miles

IN AFFLICTION.

1 Thou, infinite in love!
Guide this bewildered mind,
Which, like the trembling dove,
No resting-place can find
On the wild waters, — God of light,
Through the thick darkness lead me right!

2 Bid the fierce conflict cease,
And fear and anguish fly;
Let there again be peace,
As in the days gone by:
In Jesus' name I cry to Thee,
Remembering Gethsemane.

3 Fain would earth's true and dear
Save me in this dark hour;
And art not Thou more near?
Art Thou not love and power?
Vain is the help of man, — but Thou
Canst send deliverance even now.

4 Though through the future's shade
Pale phantoms I descry,
Let me not shrink dismayed,
But ever feel Thee nigh;
There may be grief, and pain, and care
But, O my Father! Thou art there.

334. C. M. ANONYMOUS

RESIGNATION.

1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

---

335. 7S. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

DEWS AND TEARS.

1 GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours

2 Blessed dews and tears that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven!
Let us still His praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

336. 10s. M. ANONYMOUS

THE STRENGTH OF THE LONELY.

1 THOUGH lonely be thy path, fear not, for He
Who marks the sparrow fall is guarding thee:
And not a star shines o'er thy head by night,
But He hath known that it will reach thy sight.

2 And not a grief can darken or surprise,
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

---

337. L. M. JANE ROSCOE.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

1 MY Father, when around me spread
I see the shadows of the tomb,
When life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils the days to come,—

2 O, in that anguished hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to Thee,
And holy thoughts arise and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny!

3 They fill my soul with heavenly light,
While all around is pain and woe;
And strengthened by them, in Thy sight.
Father, to drink Thy cup I go.

338. C. M. ANONYMOUS

CONSOLATION.

1 LET me not wander comfortless,
My Father, far from Thee;
But still beneath Thy guardian wing
In holy quiet be.

2 The storms of grief, the tears of woe,
Soothed by Thy love, shall cease;
And all the trembling spirit breathe
A deep, unbroken peace.

3 The power of prayer shall o'er me shed
A deep, celestial calm;
More soft than evening's twilight dews,
My soul shall feel its balm.

4 For there Thy still, small voice shall speak
Thy great, Thy boundless love;
And tears and smiles, and grief and joy,
Shall lift my soul above.

339. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE MEANING OF SORROW.

1 WE love this outward world,
Its fair sky overhead,—
Its morning's soft, gray mist unfurled,
Its sunsets rich and red.

2 But there's a world within
That higher glory hath;
A life the immortal soul must win,—
The life of joy and faith.

3 For this the Father's love
Doth shade the world of sense,
The bounding play of health remove,
And dim the sparkling glance;

4 That, though the earth grows dull
And earthly pleasures few,
The spirit gain its wisdom full
To suffer and to do.

5 Holy its world within,
Unknown to sound or sight,—
The world of victory o'er sin,
Of faith, and love, and light.

---

340. 11 & 10s. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE MOURNER.

1 WEEP thou, O mourner! but in lamentation
Let thy Redeemer still remembered be;
Strong is His arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is His love to cheer and comfort thee.

2 Cold though the world be, in the way before thee,
Wail not in sadness o'er the darkling tomb;
God in His love still watcheth kindly o'er thee,
Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom.

3 Dimmed though thine eyes be with the tears of sorrow,
Night only known beneath the sky of time,
Faith can behold the dawning of a morrow
Glowing in smiles of life and joy sublime.

[4] Change, then, O mourner, grief to exultation:
Firm and confiding should thy spirit be:
Strong is His arm, the God of thy salvation;
Strong is His love to cheer and comfort thee.

---

341. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

WILLING SUBMISSION.

[1] GREAT Author of the world, I bow
Beneath Thy chastening rod;
And at Thy feet I lay me low,
My Father and my God!

[2] From the same hand, all merciful,
Are blessings day by day;
Fill, Thou, my cup of misery full,
I will not turn away.

[3] But O! this vain, this frantic hope,
That burns within my breast,
That fills my soul's extremest scope,
And will not let me rest, —

[4] Grant, Thou, the power to overcome,
The patience to subdue;
O call my wandering spirit home,
My feeble faith renew!

[5] And pardon, Thou, my bosom's guilt,
That idols there should be;
Make me, O Lord, whate'er Thou wilt,
So I forsake not Thee!

342. 11 & 4s. M. WHITTIER.

THE ANGELS OF GRIEF.

1 WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not!

4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

---

343. C. M. WILSON.

ANGELS.

1 O, NOT when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

2 At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room;
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,
Come brightening through the gloom.

3 We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came;
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Father's name!

4 This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy;
We think of Thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy.

5 Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come;
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When Jesus calls us home!

---

344. P. M. MRS. HEMANS

THE CRY OF THE AFFLICTED.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us Thou!

3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God!

4 And now beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine!

---

345. 12 & 11s. M. GASKELL.

LIFE IN DEATH.

1 THANKS, thanks unto God! who in mercy hath spoken
The truths which have pierced through the spirit's sad gloom;
Whose love with the light of its presence hath broken
The darkness which hung o'er the desolate tomb.

2 What now shall affright us? A Father Almighty
Keeps watch round our footsteps wherever we go;
His mercy is sleepless,—His wisdom unfailing,—
He knoweth each want and regardeth each woe.

3 Where now is death's terror? he comes as an angel
To carry the spirit away to its rest;
The gloom which he weareth is lost in the message
He brings from the Being who loveth us best.

4 May we live ever true to the hopes He hath given,
While they shed o'er our path a still holier light;
Ever making us nearer and nearer to heaven,
More pure our affections, our spirits more bright.

---

346. L. M. NORTON.

O, STAY THY TEARS!

1 O, STAY thy tears! for they are blest
Whose days are past, whose toil is done;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest,
Here sorrow dims the morning sun.

2 For laboring virtue's anxious toil,
For patient sorrow's stifled sigh,
For faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
Heaven grants the recompense, — to die.

3 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight,
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright!

4 O, cheerless were our lengthened way,
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And sheds a glory round the tomb!

5 Then stay thy tears, — the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

---

347. L. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

THE ANGEL AT THE TOMB.

1 The mourners came, at break of day,
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With saddened hearts to weep and pray
For him, the loved one, buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom, —
An angel sits beside the tomb.

3 Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit hath but fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom; —
An angel sits beside the tomb.

348. 7 & 5s. M. BOWRING.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

1 BLESSED, blessed are the dead
In the Lord who die;
Radiant is the path they tread
Upward to the sky.

2 All their deeds of virtue done,
Deeds of peace and love,
Now are stars of glory strewn,
Lighting them above.

---

349. S. M. BOWRING.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

1 WHERE is thy sting, O death?
Grave! where thy victory?
The clod may sleep in dust beneath,
The spirit will be free!

2 Both man and time have power
O'er suffering, dying men;
But death arrives, and in that hour
The soul is freed again.

3 Then, death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, grave?
O'er your dark bourn the soul will spring
To Him who loves to save.

350. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

HIS END IS PEACE.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a trusting soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While guardian angels gently say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

---

351. S. M. *Mrs. Howitt.

HE IS RISEN.

1 O spirit, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!

2 Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win;
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within!

3 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time!

4 Awake, lift up thine eyes!
See, all heaven's host appears!
And be thou glad exceedingly,—
Thou, who hast done with tears.

5 Ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

---

352. S. M. GASKELL.

NO MORE!

1 "No more, on earth no more,
Shall beam for us that eye;
Closed in a strange forgetfulness
Forever it must lie.

2 "No more, on earth no more,
Shall we behold that face;
Within the mournful halls of death
Must be its dwelling-place.

3 "No more, on earth no more,
Shall those dear lips be heard;
Cold silence there hath fixed its seal,
Breathed is their latest word"

4 'Tis so fond Nature mourns
Affection's broken ties;
But Faith stands forth, she points on high,
Serenely she replies:—

5 "No more, in heaven no more,
That eye is dim with tears;
But bright, and brighter still, the scene
Before its view appears.

6 "No more, in heaven no more,
That face a shadow bears;
But looks of light, born of a bliss
Unknown to earth, it wears.

7 "No more, in heaven no more,
That voice is faint with pain;
It mingles with angelic bands,
In their enraptured strain.

8 "No more, in heaven no more,
The parting grief is known;
But love has all eternity
To look through as its own."

---

353. C. M. BARTON.

THE DEAD.

1 THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;—

4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

---

354. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE DEPARTED.

1 THE spirits of the loved and the departed
Are with us, and they tell us of the sky,
A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,
A house not made with hands, a home on high;
Holy monitions, —a mysterious breath, —
A whisper from the marble halls of death.

2 They have gone from us, and the grave is strong,
Yet in night's silent watches they are near;
Their voices linger round us, as the song
Of the sweet bird that lingers on the ear,
When, floating upward in the flush of even,
Its form is lost from earth and swallowed up in heaven.

355. 11s. M. ANONYMOUS.

ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?

1 How dear is the thought, that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

---

356. C. M. *J. H. PERKINS

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

1 IT is a faith sublime and sure,
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead.

2 It is a faith sublime and sure,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here;

3 To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
The trembling be forgiven,
To bear away from ills of clay
The deathless soul to heaven.

---

357. C. M. JANE TAYLOR

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

1 THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.

2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

3 The things unseen, O God, reveal;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel, and see, and know,
That those I love are near

4 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

358. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

1 BROTHER, the angels say,
Peace to thy heart!
We, too, O brother, have
Been as thou art,—
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.

2 Brother, they softly say,
Be our thoughts one;
Bend thou with us and pray,
"Thy will be done!"
Our God is thy God;
He willeth the best;
Trust Him as we trusted—
Rest as we rest!

3 Ye, too, they gently say,
Shall angels be;
Ye, too, O brothers,
From earth shall be free:
Yet in earth's loved ones
Ye still shall have part,
Bearing God's strength and love
To the torn heart.

4 Thus when the spirit, tried
Tempted and worn,
Finding no earthly aid,
Heavenward doth turn,—

Come these sweet angel-tones,
Falling like balm,
And on the troubled heart
Steals a deep calm.

---

359. C. M. MRS. MILES.

FORETASTE OF HEAVEN.

1 WHEN, on devotion's seraph wing,
The spirit soars above,
And feels Thy presence, Father, Friend,
God of eternal love!
The joys of earth, how swift they fade
Before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse
Of pure and perfect day!

2 A gleam of Heaven's own light, though now
Its brightness scarce appears
Through the pale shadows that are spread
Around our earthly years;
But Thine unclouded smile, O God!
Fills that all-glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known,
And see Thee, face to face.

---

360. S. M. BRIGGS' COLL.

THE ANGELS' CALL.

1 COME to the land of peace!
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway!

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amidst the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place!

---

361. C. M. BRIGGS' COLL

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

1 O, HEAVEN is where no secret dread
May haunt us by its power;
Where from the past no gloom is shed
Upon the present hour.

2 And there the living waters flow
Along the radiant shore;
The soul, now wandering here, shall know
Its burning thirst no more.

3 The burden of the stranger's heart,
Which here unknown we bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart
With our first wakening there.

4 And, borne on eagle's wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power.

362. P. M. STERLING.

A HYMN OF MORNING.

1 SWEET morn! from countless cups of gold,
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

2 Where'er the vision's boundaries glance,
Existence swells with living power,
And all the illumined earth's expanse
Inhales the hour.

3 In man, O morn! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul, —
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

4 To thousand tasks of fruitful hope.
With skill against his toil, he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

5 From earth and earthly toil and strife
To deathless aims his soul may rise,
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

5 Such grace from Thee, O God, be ours,
Renewed with every morning's ray,
And freshening still with added flowers
Each future day.

7 To man is given one primal star;
One dayspring's beam has dawned below;
From Thine our inmost glories are,
With Thine we glow.

8 Like earth awake and warm and bright,
With joy the spirit moves and burns;
So up to Thee, O Fount of Light,
Our light returns.

---

363. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL

MORNING HYMN.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come:
Lord, may we be Thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

364 7s. M. FURNESS

MORNING HYMN.

1 In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O, shine!

3 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

4 Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears!
Every step Thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend!

---

365. C. M. ST. AMBROSE.

MORNING HYMN.

1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
Securely keep, O God,
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe
That tempts our every road.

4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

---

366. L. M. PIERPONT.

MORNING HYMN FOR A CHILD.

1 O GOD! I thank Thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see in this fair light
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

2 Be Thou my guide, and let me live
As under Thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

---

367. P. M. HEBER.

EVENING ASPIRATION.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

368. 7s. M. St. Gregory

EVENING HYMN.

1 Source of light and life divine!
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth
O'er Thy new-created earth.

2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from Thee the name of day:
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to Thy children's cry!

3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
Draw our souls to earth again.

4 Rather help them still to rise
Where our dearest treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life!

---

369. L. M. *Wordsworth

SUNSET HYMN.

1 Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the reverent hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

2 Look up to heaven! the obedient sun
Already through his course hath run;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

3 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

4 Help with Thy grace, through all life's day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink into our rest.

---

370. P. M. ANONYMOUS

VESPERS.

1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Father in heaven! the day is declining;
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield us from danger and keep us from crime!
Father! have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen!

2 Father in heaven! O, hear, when we call,
Through Jesus Christ, who is Saviour of all!
Fainting and feeble, we trust in Thy might;
In doubting and darkness Thy love be our light!
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns,
And wake in Thy arms when the morning returns.
Father! have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen!

371. 7s. M. * Furness.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

1 Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of His will!

2 Mighty spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

---

372. L. M. Pierpont

EVENING HYMN FOR A CHILD.

1 Another day its course hath run,
And still, O God! Thy child is blest;
For Thou hast been by day my sun,
And Thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends, mine eyes to close;
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

373. L. M. DODDRIDGE

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And pass through death, to rest with God.

---

374. C. M. CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

SABBATH MORNING.

1 How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn!
How pure the air that breathes!
How soft the sounds upon it borne!
How light its vapor wreathes!

2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer,
For peace and joy and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.

3 Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
And every care that mars our peace
In Faith and Love be hushed.

---

375. L. M. *Montgomery

SABBATH EVENING.

1 Within Thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces heavenward were set,
Their vows to Thee, O God! they vowed.

2 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts that sought Thee Thou wast nigh
Nor hath one sought Thy face in vain.

5 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,
The feeble soul hath strengthened been.
The mourner Thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart their God have seen

6 And Thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And all their prayers have reached Thy throne,
In soul and truth who worshipped Thee.

---

376. C. M. *

BAPTISM.

1 When from the Jordan's gleaming wave
Came forth the Sinless One,
A voice athwart the heavens flashed,
"Lo! my beloved son!"

2 The Baptist, gazing on his face,
With the soul's radiance bright,
Beheld upon his sacred head
A snow-white dove alight.

3 Now with baptismal waters touched,
Thy children, Father, see!
While heart and soul, and mind and strength,
They consecrate to Thee.

4 Send down on them Thy holy dove,
Thy spirit undefiled;
Be each in purity and faith
Thy well-beloved child!

5 O help them in the wilderness
To conquer doubt and sin;
To see above them still Thy Peace,
And hear Thy voice within!

377. L. M. W. Boston Coll

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

1 This child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let Thy love its life prolong.

2 O, may Thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth!

3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow,
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

---

378. S. M. Disciples' H. B

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

1 To Thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3 O, then, let Thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean!

---

379. S. M. DISCIPLES' H. B

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

1 To Him who children blest,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to his breast,
We bring these children home.

2 To Thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now!

---

380. C. M. GASKELL.

MARRIAGE HYMN

1 WE join to pray, with wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, from Thee,
On those who now the bands have twined,
Which ne'er may broken be.

2 We know that scenes not always bright
Must unto them be given;
But let there shine o'er all the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.

3 Still hand in hand, their journey through
Meek pilgrims may they go;
Mingling their joys as helpers true,
And sharing every woe.

4 In faith, and trust, and heart, the same,
The same their home above;
May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love.

---

381. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

MARRIAGE HYMN.

1 FATHER, in Thy presence now
Has been pledged the nuptial vow;
Heart to heart, as hand in hand,
Linked in one Thy children stand.

2 God of love! this union bless,
Not with earth's low happiness;
But with joys whose heavenly spring
Shall diviner raptures bring.

3 May these blended souls be found
Firm in duty's active round;
Daily every burden share,
Nightly seek Thy shadowing care.

4 When against their trembling forms
Shoot the arrows of life's storms;
Or when age and sickness wait
Heralds at life's parting gate;—

5 In the fulness of belief,
May they look beyond the grief;
And together fearless tread
In the path where Thou shalt lead.

382. L. M. NORTON

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are Thy temples. God of all!

2 The tombs Thine altars are; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To Thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!

3 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by Thee;—but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where Thine own words of love are taught.

4 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith Thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

5 Nor we alone; may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to Thee still holier prayers.

---

383. C. M. BRYANT.

DEDICATION HYMNS.

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee!

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by Thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way:
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

---

384. C. M. *

ORDINATION HYMN.

1 O God! Thy children, gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do Thy will.

3 O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!

4 O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong!

5 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him!

6 And give him in Thy holy work
Patience to wait Thy time,
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime.

7 O grant him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest;
Bless Thou him, Father, and his flock:
Bless! and they shall be blest!

---

385. C. M. *

ORDINATION.

1 Go, preach the gospel in my name,
Said he of Bethlehem;
Teach of a crown more glorious
Than earthly diadem.

2 Teach ye as I have taught, in love;
Be hate unthought, unspoken;
Bind up the bleeding heart, nor let
The bruised reed be broken.

3 If any scorn you for the truth
Which ye shall publish free,
Think of the lonely midnight hour
In dark Gethsemane:

4 Think of my prayers on Olivet,
My musings by the sea;
And though the heavy chain may bind,
That truth shall make you free.

386. L. M. *

ORDINATION.

1 Thy servant's sandals, Lord, are wet
With Jordan's wave but lately met,
And in that sacred river fall
The olden thoughts, the spirit's pall.

2 He stands upon the holy land,
And angels take his trustful hand;
The Jordan sanctifies his breast,
And Christ now leads him to his rest.

3 His rest? his battle! he must win
Fair Zion's gate through ranks of sin;
Why are these words, this solemn show,
If sin be not his deadly foe?

4 There gathers here no heavenly host;
No fiery tongues of Pentecost, —
No gentle dove with winnowing wings
The spirit to thy servant brings.

5 The still, small voice hath called him here,
And thus is God himself most near: —
My people, lift your hearts in prayer,
And keep your God forever there.

---

387. S. M. Drummond

A PUBLIC FAST.

1 "Is this a fast for me?"
Thus saith the Lord our God;
"A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod?

2 "No; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose:
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?

3 "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?

4 "Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Around, my glory bright!"

---

388. 7 & 6s. M. ITALIAN.

PRAYER OF A STRICKEN PEOPLE.

1 O THOU, whose power stupendous
Upholds the earth and sky,
Thy grace preserving send us, —
To Thee, O Lord! we cry.

2 From wilds of fearful error,
Wherein we darkly stray,
Oppressed with doubt and terror,
For saving aid we pray.

3 O God of mercy, hear us!
Our pain, our sorrow, see;
Thy healing pity spare us,
And bring us home to Thee!

389. 6s. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE NEW YEAR.

1 Joy! joy! a year is born;
A year to man is given,
For hope, and peace, and love,
For faith, and truth, and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Yet toil, and pain, and prayer,
Lead to our higher life.

2 Behold, the fields are white!
No longer idly stand!
Go forth in love and might;
Man needs thy helping hand.
Thus may each day and year
To prayer and toil be given,
Till man to God draw near,
And earth become like heaven.

---

390. C. M. GASKELL.

A NEW YEAR.

1 Our Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be,
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to Thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair,
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And Thou art perfect love.

---

391. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE GOD OF SPRING.

1 PRAISE and thanks and cheerful love
Rise from everything below,
To the mighty One above,
Who his wondrous love doth show:
Praise him, each created thing!
God, your Father! God of spring!

2 Praise him, trees so lately bare;
Praise him, fresh and new-born flowers;
All ye creatures of the air:
All ye soft-descending showers:
Praise, with each awakening thing,
Praise your Maker, — God of spring!

3 Praise him, man! — thy fitful heart
Let this balmy season move
To employ its noblest part,
Softest mercy, sweetest love, —
Blessing, with each living thing,
God the bounteous, — God of spring!

392 7 & 6s. M. W. V.

SPRING.

1 There cometh o'er the spirit,
With each returning year,
The thought that Thou, the Father,
Art ever to us near;
With hope of life dispelling
The death that winter brought;
And flowers and fruits foretelling,
With fragrant beauty fraught.

2 'T is this which calls Thy children
In sweet accord to raise,
Beneath thy blue-domed temple,
One general hymn of praise
To Thee, the ever-living,
The universal King,
Who never ceasest giving
Each good and perfect thing.

3 The streamlet from the mountain, —
It speaketh, Lord, of Thee,
As from its snow-capped fountain
It rushes to the sea;
The gentle dew descending,
And cloud's refreshing shower, —
O God, our Heavenly Father,
All, all, proclaim Thy power

393. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

HYMN OF SPRING.

1 PRAISE the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew!
When the world, again created,
Beams with beauties fair and new!

2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers!
Praise, thou willow by the brookside!
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers!

3 Praise the Lord! and may His blessing
Guide us in the way of truth,
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

4 Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven!
Angels, sing your sweetest lays!
All things utter forth His glory!
Sound your great Creator's praise!

---

394. C. M. J. RICHARDSON

THE HYMN OF SUMMER.

1 How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreaths the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in their bowers!

2 The morn sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.

3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? no, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,

4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody;
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to Thee!

---

395. C. M. MRS. MILES.

SUMMER.

1 THE earth, all light and loveliness,
In summer's golden hours,
Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,
And crowned with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful,
So like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world
Of perfect bliss and love.

2 Is this a shadow faint and dim
Of that which is to come!
What shall the unveiled splendor be
Of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life,
Where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light
Of immortality!

396. C. M. ANONYMOUS

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST SHALL NOT CEASE.

1 FOUNTAIN of life, and God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
Its mild, refreshing showers;
Thou gav'st the ripening suns to shine,
And summer's golden hours.

4 Thy quickening life, forever near,
Matured the swelling grain; —
The bounteous harvest crowns the year,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 With thankful hearts we trace Thy way
Through all our smiling vales;
Thou, by whose love, nor night nor day,
Seed-time nor harvest, fails!

---

397. 10 & 11s. M. *DODDRIDGE.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts His mercies sing;
The fruitful year His bounties shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with His name.
The Lord is good, His mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2 The earth, enlightened by His rays divine,
Brought forth the grass, the corn, and oil, and wine;
Crowned with His goodness, let the people meet,
And lay their thankful offerings at his feet;
With grateful love that hand divine confessing,
Which on each heart bestoweth every blessing.

3 His mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new beauties through new scenes displayed:
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God:
The soul of man, through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

4 Burst into praise, my soul! all nature, join!
Angels and men, in harmony combine!
While human years are measured by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending!

---

398. L. M. Mrs. Sigourney

THE YEAR CROWNED WITH GOODNESS.

1 God of the year! with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for Thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.

2 In early spring-time Thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in Thy blessed ray.

3 God of the seasons! Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers;
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours.

4 Praise, praise to Thee! Our hearts expand,
To view these blessings of Thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

---

399. C. M. BOWRING.

THE HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

1 THE heavenly spheres to Thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn;
All-wise, all-holy, Thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship Thee,
While Thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature, a temple worthy Thee,
Beams with Thy light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean-roar.

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By Spring's awakening hours;
Her Summer offers at Thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her Autumn brings its golden fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While Winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

---

400. 10s. M. EMILY TAYLOR

THE CHANGING YEAR.

1 GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour, —
Here in Thy temple bow Thy children down,
To bless Thy mercy, and Thy might to own.

2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness,—all are Thine.

3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, Thou wast true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, Thou wast present there.

4 O, lend Thine ear, and lift our voice to Thee:
Where'er we dwell, still let Thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to Thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly Thine!

401. C. M. GASKELL.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

[1] O GOD! to Thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love has kept us, night and day,
Throughout another year.

[2] Of every breath, and every power,
Thou wast the gracious source;
From Thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.

[3] And if, sometimes, across our path
A cloud its shadows threw,
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,
But loving-kindness true.

[4] For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to Thee above,
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of Thy love.

---

402. L. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

THE WORTH OF YEARS.

[1] LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And, while we gaze, their forms are gone.

[2] "He lived, — he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract, of the historian's page! —
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

[3] O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us Thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

[4] To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

---

403. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

[1] SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

[2] The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame —
He fell, but felt no fear.

[3] Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

[4] The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

[5] Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

404. C. M. WHITTIER.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

2 O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

---

405. 7s. M. J. H. BANCROFT

THE CHRISTIAN'S BURIAL.

1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

4 Brother, in that solemn trust,
We commend thy dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
Then with Jesus thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

---

406. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

FUNERAL HYMN.

1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle, — for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit 's fled to God.

2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

3 Look aloft! The spirit's risen;
Death cannot the soul imprison:
'T is in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

4 Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there, and comfort too;
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing life's eternal round.

---

407. C. M. DALE.

"WEEP NOT."

1 DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is — that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine!

---

408. 10s. M. MONTGOMERY.

DEATH IN MANHOOD.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power:
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the field is won.

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay,
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave,—no, to thy home above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

---

409. 12 & 11s. M. HEBER.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave · we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy refuge, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

---

410. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its home on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy meek spirit 's gone;
But, O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own!

411. 8 & 7s. M. Briggs' Coll.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

1 Fare thee well, our fondly cherished!
Dear, dear blossom, fare thee well!
He who lent thee hath recalled thee,
Back with Him and His to dwell.

2 Like a sunbeam through our dwelling
Shone thy presence, bright and calm;
Thou didst add a zest to pleasure;
To our sorrows thou wast balm.

3 Yet while mourning, O our lost one,
Come no visions of despair!
Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
Saith, thou art not, art not there.

4 Where, then, art thou? with the Saviour.
Blest, forever blest, to be;
'Mid the sinless little children
Who have heard his "Come to me."

5 Passed the shades of death's dark valley,
Thou art leaning on his breast,
Where the wicked may not enter,
And the weary are at rest.

6 Plead, that in a Father's mercy
All our sins may be forgiven;
Angel! plead, that thou may'st greet us,
Ransomed, at the gates of heaven.

412. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

FUNERAL HYMN OF A CHILD.

1 To the Father's love we trust
That which was enshrined in dust;
While we give the earth to earth,
Finds the soul its heavenly birth.
Angels wait the angel child,
Gentle, young, and undefiled.

2 Said not oft those pleading eyes
That they longed for purer skies?
Did not oft the falling tear
Speak of roughening billows here?
Prayed we not that she might rest
On her Heavenly Father's breast?

3 Give the spirit, then, to God,
And its vesture to the sod;
Life, henceforth, shall have a ray
Kindled ne'er to pass away,
And a light from angel eyes
Draw us upward to the skies.

---

413. 7 & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

1 In the broad fields of heaven,—
In the immortal bowers,
By life's clear river dwelling,
Amid undying flowers,—

There hosts of beauteous spirits,
Fair children of the earth,
Linked in bright bands celestial,
Sing of their human birth.

2 They sing of earth and heaven,—
Divinest voices rise
To God, their gracious Father,
Who called them to the skies:
They all are there,—in heaven,—
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;
No cloud of sin can shadow
Their bright and holy rest.

---

414. 8 & 7s. M. PIERPONT

FOR A CHARITABLE OCCASION.

1 MIGHTY One, whose name is holy,
Thou wilt save Thy work alive.
And the spirit of the lowly
Thou wilt visit and revive.
What Thy prophets thus have spoken,
Ages witness as they roll;
Bleeding hearts and spirits broken,
Touched by Thee, O God, are whole.

2 By Thy pitying spirit guided,
Jesus sought the sufferer's door;
Comfort for the poor provided,
And the mourner's sorrows bore;—
So Thy mercy's angel, bending,
Heard a friendless prisoner's call,
And through night's cold vault descending,
Loosed from chains Thy servant Paul.

3 Father, as Thy love is endless,
Working by Thy servants thus,
The forsaken and the friendless
Deign to visit, e'en by us;
So shall each, with spirit fervent
Laboring with Thee here below,
Be declared Thy faithful servant,
Where there's neither want nor woe.

---

415. 6 & 4s. M. NICOLL

GOD SAVE THE POOR!

1 LORD, from Thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the Poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the Poor!

2 The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain,—
God save the Poor!
Raise Thou their lowliness,
Succor Thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the Poor!

3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be,
God save the Poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the Poor!

416. 7 & 6s. M. HEBER

MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Shall learn Messiah's name.

417. 6 & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS."

1 WHERE, for a thousand miles,
The sweet Ohio smiles,
On bed of sand;
Where prairies blossom broad,
Fair gardens sown by God,
And lakes their ocean-flood
Pour from His hand;

2 Where sleep in rest profound,
Beneath each ancient mound,
A buried race;
There, brother, go and teach;
From heart to heart shall reach
Thy free and earnest speech
Of heavenly grace.

3 Where the tall forest waves
Above those mouldering graves,
God's truth declare:
While his first temples spread
Their arches o'er thy head,
Lift, o'er the slumbering dead,
The voice of prayer.

4 While rolls the living tide,
Down Alleghany's side,
Its ceaseless flood;
Upon the mountains, there,
How beautiful appear
The feet of those who bear
Tidings of good!

5 O Thou, whose suns and rains
Upon those mighty plains
Fall evermore;
Send down the dews of peace,
The sun of righteousness,
And let Thy light increase
From shore to shore!

---

418. 8 & 7s. M. A. C. Coxe.

WESTERN MISSIONS.

1 Westward, Lord, the world alluring,
Has Thy risen day-star beamed,
And, the sinking soul assuring,
O'er the world's wide ocean streamed.
Westward, still, the midnight breaking,
Westward, still, its light be poured!
Heathen Thy possession making,
Utmost lands Thy dwelling, Lord!

2 Westward, where the waving prairie,
Dark as slumbering ocean, lies,
Let thy starlight, Son of Mary,
O'er the shadowed billows rise!
Here be heard, ye herald voices,
Till the Lord his glory shows,
And the lonely place rejoices
With the bloom of Sharon's rose.

3 Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God.

Westward, till the church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild-wood's arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.

---

419. 6 & 4s. M. E. Davis

FOR A PEACE MEETING.

1 Not with the flashing steel,
Not with the cannon's peal,
Or stir of drum;
But in the bonds of love,
Our white flag floats above;
Her emblem is the dove;—
'T is thus we come.

2 The laws of Christian light,—
These are our weapons bright,
Our mighty shield;
Christ is our leader high;
And the broad plains which lie
Beneath the blessed sky,
Our battle-field.

3 What is that great intent
On which each heart is bent,
Our hosts among?
It is that hate may die,
That war's red curse may fly,
And war's high praise for aye
No more be sung.

4 On, then, in God's great name!
Let each pure spirit's flame
Burn bright and clear;
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
Be every fear forgot;
Christ leads us here!

5 So shall earth's distant lands,
In happy, holy bands,
One brotherhood,
Together rise and sing,
Gifts to one altar bring,
And heaven's Eternal King
Pronounce it good.

---

420. 10 & 6s. M. *

IN TIME OF WAR.

1 Lord, once our faith in man no fear could move;
Now save it from despair!
The trial comes; strengthen the might of love:
Father, Thou hearest prayer!

2 Thou hearest; and we hear, above this din,
Thy blessed word sound clear:
"I purge this land from slavery and sin;
The reign of heaven draws near."

3 O, never falter, ye who strive to bring
In men the heavenly birth:
For still the angel hosts unfaltering sing,
"Peace to the weary earth!"

4 O, never falter! peace must come by pain;
Heaven is not found, but won;
Hold the dark angel till he moulds again
The peace he hath undone.

5 We know not, Lord, what storms and trials strong
Must work our world's new birth;
But we will toil, with this for working-song,—
"Peace to the weary earth!"

6 Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick earth!
Peace to the heart of man!
Storm shall bring calm; that high reward is worth
All we must bear, or can.

---

421. 11 & 10s. M. LONGFELLOW.

PEACE ON EARTH.

1 DOWN the dark future, through long generations,
The sounds of war grow fainter and then cease;
And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

2 Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

422. C. M. ANONYMOUS

GLORY TO GOD, THROUGH PEACE ON EARTH.

1 "To God be glory! Peace on earth!"
Let us repeat again
The hymn that hailed the Saviour's birth,—
"Peace and good will to men!"

2 Good will to men! O God, we hail
This of Thy law the sum;
For as this shall o'er earth prevail,
So shall Thy kingdom come!

---

423. C. M. R. W. EMERSON

THE HOUSE OUR FATHERS BUILT TO GOD.

1 WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

3 And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.

4 From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
Which filled their homes again.

5 For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

6 They live with God, their homes are dust;
But here their children pray,
And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
To find the narrow way.

7 On him who by the altar stands,
On him Thy blessing fall!
Speak through his lips Thy pure commands,
Thou Heart, that lovest all!

---

424. C. M. J. Weiss.

EPIPHANY.

1 A wondrous star our pioneer,
We left the mystic land
Where heaven-nurtured childhood slept.
Where yet old visions stand.

2 O God! the land of dreams we left,
Repose we left for aye,
And followed meekly to the place
Where our Redeemer lay.

3 That humble manger we have found;
The world his cradle is;
His life is hidden far below
Its sins and miseries.

4 The world throws wide its brazen gates;
With Thee we enter in;
O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
To free that world from sin.

5 We have one mind in Christ our Lord
To stand and point above;
To hurl rebuke at social wrong;
But all, O God, in love.

6 The star is resting in the sky;
To worship Christ we came;
The moments haste; O, touch our tongues
With Thy celestial flame!

7 The truest worship is a life;
All dreaming we resign;
We lay our offerings at thy feet,—
Our lives, O Christ, are thine!

---

425. L. M. *

THE CHILDREN OF THE CROSS.

1 Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Hast brought us here, before Thy face,
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace!

2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on Thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The children of the cross are Thine.

3 While watching on our arms, at night,
We saw Thine angels round us move;
We heard Thy call, we felt Thy light,
And followed, trusting to Thy love.

4 And now, with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God!
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

5 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Christ our truest might.

6 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

---

426. C. M. NICOLL

THE REFORMERS.

1 An offering at the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring;
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be;
But we have hearts to honor those
Who bade the world go free!

2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are, —
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far!
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free!

427. L. M. MRS. HEMANS

EARTH'S NAMELESS MARTYRS.

1 THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!

2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Have bowed their noble souls to death.

3 O, haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude!
It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the sweet flowers the children sow
Take root in holy dust below.

4 What though no stone the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers,
May not our inmost hearts be stilled,
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by their lives be taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?

428. 6s. M. LUTHER.

THE MARTYRS' ASHES.

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one prevailing name.

---

429. C. M. MORAVIAN

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

1 GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph even in death.

2 O, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God, whom we serve, our God, can save;
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, or smooth the wave,
For such as love His name.

4 Yea, should it even to man appear,
At times, as though the Lord
Forsook His chosen servants here,
We yet will trust His word.

5 Lord! if Thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove, at length.

---

430. S. M. GRAHAM.

GOD WITH US ON THE DEEP.

1 HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave!
And blow, thou boisterous wind!
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
Our home and friends behind.

2 Away, away we steer,
Upon the ocean's breast;
And dim the distant heights appear,
Like clouds along the west.

3 There is a loneliness
Upon the mighty deep;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
As onward still we sweep.

4 But there is hope and joy,
Wherever we may be;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God, in Thee!

5 Then wherefore should we grieve
Or what have we to fear?
Though home and friends and life we leave,
Our God is ever near.

6 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep!
Ye winds, blow foul or fair!
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is everywhere.

---

431. P. M. MRS. SOUTHEY

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

1 LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!

2 Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall thy plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in thy foresail there;
Hold the helm fast;
So,—let the vessel wear,—
By swept the blast.

3 Slacken no sail yet, at
Inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer, —
Straight for the highland;
Crowd all the canvass on,
Cut through the foam; —
Christian! cast anchor now;
Heaven is thy home!

---

432. 8 & 7s. M. STERLING

THE HUSBANDMAN'S HYMN.

1 MANY a power within earth's bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath:
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

2 Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade, —
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

3 Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed:
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

---

433. L. M. FLINT

REMEMBRANCE OF OUR FATHERS.

1 IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age

[2] What thanks, O God, to Thee are due,
That Thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard to the planter dear!

[3] The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears; in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

[4] Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe, through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

---

434. 6 & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

[1] GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

[2] For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh;—
God save the State!

435. L. M. WHITTIER.

THE DAY OF FREEDOM.

[1] O THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with Thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day!

[2] When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto Thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.

[3] Sweet peace be here; and hope and love
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto Thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

[4] And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and clime
The message of Thy love shall hear.

---

436. 6 & 4s. M. S. F. SMITH.

NATIONAL HYMN.

[1] MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee, I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

[2] My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

[3] Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

[4] Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee, we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

---

437. L. M. W. P. Lunt.

THE ALTAR AND THE SCHOOL.

[1] When, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

[2] Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their precious hopes were reared.

[3] The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust;
And Freedom's sons shall fill the land,
When we are sleeping in the dust.

[4] Before Thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer,
For Thou, who wast our fathers' friend,
Wilt make our offspring still Thy care.

---

438. L. M. DYER.

PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

[1] GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore;
Whose goodness all Thy creatures share,
While Nature trembles at Thy power;

[2] Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by Thee.

[3] While suppliant crowds implore Thine aid,
To Thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.

[4] O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess Thy hand, and bless the rod!
By penitence make Thee her friend,
And find forgiveness in her God!

439. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

GOD OUR DELIVERER.

[1] O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

[2] 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save.

[3] But Thy right hand, Thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who Thy great name adored.

[4] As Thee, their God, our fathers owned,
So Thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as Thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

---

440. C. M. HEBER.

PENTECOST.

[1] SPIRIT of Truth! on this Thy day,
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

[2] We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long Thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

[3] We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

[4] We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shall chase them from the soul.

[5] No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

---

441. L. M. * WHITTIER.

MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE.

[1] O THOU, at whose rebuke, the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Who, waking, saw with joy above,
A brother's face of tenderest love;

[2] Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing, and the sin-sick came;
The burden of Thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death.

3 O, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which know thee not,
And let the light of thy pure day
Shine in upon the darkened thought!

4 O, touch the hearts of men, and show
The power which in forbearance lies;
And let them feel that Mercy now
Is better than old Sacrifice!

---

442. L. M. * Mrs. Livermore

REDEEMING POWER OF LOVE.

1 What precept, Jesus, is like thine,—
Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!
In this we see the power divine,
Which shall transform our earth to heaven.

2 O, not the harsh and scornful word
The victory over sin can gain,
Not the dark prison, or the sword,
The shackle, or the weary chain.

3 But from our spirits there must flow
A love that will the wrong outweigh;
Our lips must only blessings know,
And wrath and sin shall die away.

4 'T was heaven that formed the holy plan
To win the wanderer back by love;
Thus let us save our brother, man,
And imitate our God above.

IX. MISCELLANEOUS.

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443. C. M. KEBLE

TEACHING LITTLE CHILDREN.

1 O, say not, think not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,—
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.

2 Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?

3 And loved he not of heaven to talk
With children in his sight,
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite?

4 And though some tones be weak and low,
What are all prayers beneath,
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe?

5 In his own words we Christ adore;
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak.

6 And yet his words mean more than they,
And yet he owns their praise;
O, think not that he turns away
From infants' simple lays!

---

444. C. M. HEBER.

THE HOLY CHILD.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

3 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

---

445. C. M. FLINT'S COLL.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Suffer the little ones," he says,
"Forbid them not to come;
Of such is heaven; and souls like these
Shall find in heaven their home."

3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

446. C. M. BRIGGS' COLL.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

1 YE joyous ones! upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread;
Forget not Him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright.

2 Thou tempted one! just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround:
A dark and a deceitful band,
Upon thy path they lower;
Trust not thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power.

3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears,
To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years;
Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms of life,
Eternally serene.

447. L. M. L. E. Landon.

FEED MY LAMBS!

1 While yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
Which may too soon be stained by sin;

2 Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,—
Teach the young heart to look above,
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer.

3 The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too oft that heart astray;
Still the seed sown in early time
Shall not be wholly cast away.

4 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.

5 The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more;
Reclasping thus the broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

---

448. L. M. Anonymous

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

1 Great God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child,—and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky!

2 Art Thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

3 Art Thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

4 Art Thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

---

449. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
But only heaven our hopes can raise,
And sin alone, our fears.

3 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

4 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

5 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

---

450. C. M. Briggs' Coll.

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

1 There is a world we have not seen,
That time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath heard its joy.

2 There is a world,—and O how blest!
Fairer than prophets told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its peace unfold.

3 And this pure world is ever bright
With radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the throne.

4 Look not abroad with roving mind
To seek that fair abode;
It comes, where'er the lowly find
The perfect peace of God.

451. C. M. CROSWELL.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

1 Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim!
The chief of all the sons of men,
Shall we not welcome him?
Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival!

2 And still more freshly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time;
And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

---

452. 7s. M. GRANT.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook that lay:
In this place he loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane.

2 'T was a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet,
Low and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat:
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane.

3 Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths he taught
Often set their hearts on flame:
Therefore they, as well as he,
Visited Gethsemane.

4 Oft conversing here they sat;
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
O, what blest devotion that,
When the Lord himself is there!
All things there did so agree
To endear Gethsemane.

5 Full of love to man's lost race,
On the conflict much he thought;
This he knew the destined place,
And he loved the sacred spot:
Therefore Jesus chose to be
Often in Gethsemane.

---

453. C. M. C. Wesley.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in Him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 O God, be Thou our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Thou death's flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

---

454. C. M. WATTS

LAW AND LOVE.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels, clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest;
For he who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

455. P. M. J. H. PERKINS.

PRAYER AND LABOR.

1 By earth hemmed in, by earth oppressed,
'T is hard to labor, — hard to pray;
And of the week, for prayer and rest,
We 've but one Sabbath day.

2 But purer spirits walk above,
Who worship alway; who are blest
With an upspringing might of love
That makes all labor, rest.

3 Father, while here, we would arise
In spirit to that realm; and there
Be every act a sacrifice,
And every thought a prayer!

---

456. 7 & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS.

STRENGTH FROM STRUGGLE.

1 GROWS dark thy path before thee?
Press on! still undismayed;
Heaven shines resplendent o'er thee,
Though earth be wrapped in shade.

2 And God, thy trust, hath given,
With word from swerving free,
The angels of high heaven
A charge concerning thee.

3 Then though thy feet may falter
Even at early morn,
And from hope's burning altar
The light may be withdrawn, —

4 Yet from thy self-prostration
Thou shalt awake in power;
From tears and lamentation,
To conquest every hour.

5 Strong in thy perfect weakness,
Thy strength shall never fail;
Mighty in holy meekness,
Thine arm shall still prevail.

---

457. C. M. GERMAN

THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

1 WHEN thirst for power or for gold
Hath led our souls astray;
When, blind, by blinder guides we 're told,
"Lo, here thou 'lt find the way;"

2 Look down, O Father, from above;
Set us from error free;
Teach us to serve Thee here in love,
And find our home in Thee.

3 When faith Thy guidance humbly takes,
And seeks Thy will to do,
Clear light upon our pathway breaks,
The world to guide us through.

4 Thy spirit send, our souls to keep;
Thy wisdom make our own;
And though our way leads through the deep,
We wander not alone.

458. 7 & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS

LIGHT FOR ALL.

1 THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.

2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spead o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits,
As the waters fill the sea.

3 The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done;
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.

4 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light;

5 Till earth becomes God's temple;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

---

459. C. M. J. WEISS.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL.

1 BENEATH Thy trees to-day we met,
Amid Thy summer flowers;
And every heart is blessing yet
These happy, fleeting hours.

2 But creeping shades to vespers call,
And timely lore impart,
To make our latest shadows fall
From sunshine in the heart.

3 Yes, even so; the summer leaf,
The summer flowers, declare
Their childlike, chastening belief,
That Thou dost make them fair.

4 O, let us cherish nature's creed,
And live and bloom to Thee;
For only childlike hearts, we read,
Can grace eternity.

---

460. P. M. ANONYMOUS

MORNING HYMN.

1 OUR Father! we thank Thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
We bless the kind care that doth keep
Thy children from being distressed:
O, how in their weakness shall children repay
Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day?

2 Our voices shall utter Thy praise,
Our hearts shall o'erflow with Thy love;
O, teach us to walk in Thy ways,
And lift us earth's trials above!
The heart's true affection is all we can give;
In love's pure devotion, O, help us to live!

3 So long as Thou seest it right
That here upon earth we should stay,
We pray Thee to guard us by night,
And help us to serve Thee by day;
And when all the days of this life shall be o'er,
Receive us in heaven, to serve Thee the more.

---

461. L. M. GOETHE.

EVEN-TIDE.

1 O'ER silent field and lonely lawn
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn;
At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour,
In man his better soul hath power.

2 The passions are at peace within,
And stilled each stormy thought of sin;
The yielding bosom, overawed,
Breathes love to man, and love to God.

---

462. L. M. EDMESTON

SABBATH EVENING.

1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeam lingering there;
Those sacred hours this low earth leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

2 The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow!

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love,
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4 Thou God of mercy, swift to hear,
More swift than man to tell his need;
Be Thou to us, this evening, near,
And to Thy fount our spirits lead!

---

463. S. M. BRIGGS' COLL

SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray.

464. 11s. M. Mrs. Osgood

GLAD WORSHIP.

1 Approach not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control;
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;
O, serve Him with gladness,—the Loving and Just!

2 His bounty is tender, His being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above;
Confiding, believing, O, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, His portals with praise!

3 Come not to His temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;
Bring meekly before Him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore Him with heart undefiled!

---

465. 7s. M. Montgomery.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

1 Heralds of creation! cry,—
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!
Heaven and earth! obey the call;
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

2 For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded,—nature heard,
And stood fast upon His word.

3 Praise Him, all ye hosts above;
Spirits perfected in love!
Sun and moon! your voices raise;
Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise.

4 Earth! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow! His will perform.

5 Birds! on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at His temple's door;
Joyful sounds from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks!

6 High above all height His throne;
Excellent His name alone;
Him let all His works confess!
Him let all His children bless!

---

466. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

"THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE."

1 GOD is in His holy temple:
Thoughts of earth, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before His presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon His name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

2 God is in His holy temple;—
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be!
And our souls, in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy Thee!

---

467. 10s. M. DR. JOHNSON

GOD.

1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2 'T is Thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From Thee, great God! we spring, to Thee we tend,
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End!

---

468. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise!

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores;—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise!

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise!

---

469. 7s. M. MERRICK

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed His happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadow flow:
When through devious paths I stray,
He shall teach the better way

3 Though the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
I shall walk from terror free,
While each needed strength I see
By Thy rod and staff supplied;
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refreshed my head;
Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows;
For Thy love no limit knows;
And unto my latest end
Thou my footsteps shalt attend.

---

470. C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL

CALM TRUST.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer, arise:—

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee;—

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless my journey's end.

---

471. L. M. * BROWNE

THE ONE GOD.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to Thy laws;
All things depend on Thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
By none controlled in Thy commands,
And in Thyself completely blessed.

3 Worship to Thee alone belongs,
Worship to Thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and Thine our songs,
And to Thy glory may we live.

4 O, spread Thy truth through every land,
In every heart Thy love be known;
Subdue the world to Thy command,
And, as Thou art, reign God alone.

472. C. M. STERNHOLD

"HE BOWED THE HEAVENS AND CAME DOWN."

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He as sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.

---

473. L. M. J. RICHARDSON.

ONE IN CHRIST.

1 FROM Zion's holy hill there rose
A fount divine, that ever flows:
Heaven's smile is on its waters shed,
By heaven's own dews the fount is fed.

2 That stream of Truth—a silver thread,
Scarce known, save by its fountain-head—
Now onward pours, a mighty flood,
And fills the new-formed world with good

3 Where'er that living fountain flows,
New life its healing wave bestows,
And man, from sin's corruptions free,
Inspires with its own purity.

4 A spirit, breathed from Zion's hill,
In holy hearts is living still,—
That Comforter from heaven above,
The presence of celestial love.

5 O, may this spirit ever be
Our bond of peace and unity!
Thus shall we teach, as Christ began,
Through love, the brotherhood of man.

---

474. C. M. * PIERPONT.

THE HYMN OF THE LAST SUPPER.

1 THE winds are hushed; the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill;
The city sleeps; 't is night's calm noon,
And all the streets are still.

2 How soft, how holy, is the light!
And hark! a sweet, low song,
As gently as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.

3 Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain;
And hope and love and trust are there,
And triumph, won through pain.

4 'T is Jesus and his faithful few
That soul-deep hymn who pour;—
O Christ! may we the song renew,
And learn to love thee more.

475. C. M. Moore.

CONSOLATION.

1 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

2 But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;

4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

---

476. C. M. Keble.

THE ELDER SCRIPTURE.

1 There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like His grace;
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

5 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky.

6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere!

---

477. 10s. M. STERLING

REST.

1 O THOU, the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And tune to music every jarring sound.

2 Make Thou in me, O God, through shame and pain,
A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm;
Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vain,
But heal the wounded breast with soothing balm!

3 So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord with all Thy works of joy,
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.

4 In One who walked on earth, a man of woe,
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires;
From him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.

5 So this great universe,—so he, and Thou,
The central source and wondrous bound of things,
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
To land and sea and air Thy presence brings.

---

478. P. M. MRS. HEMANS

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

1 THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

3 Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained, what there they found:
Freedom to worship God.

179. L. P. M. E. B. Barrett

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Psalm cxxvii. 2.

1 Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne in upon our souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
O, tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

2 O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

3 His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

SUPPLEMENT.

---

480. 6 & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS

INVOCATION.

1 COME, Thou almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou eternal Word,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come and this people bless;
Give to Thy truth success;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Rule now in every heart,
Never from us depart,
Spirit of Power!

481. C. M. Orig. Hymns.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless din
Wake not this morning air!
A holy calm should welcome in
This solemn hour of prayer.

2 Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,
And hushed within the breast!
A holy joy should welcome there
This happy day of rest.

3 Each better thought the spirit knows,
This hour, the spirit fill!
And Thou, from whom its being flows,
O, teach it all Thy will!

4 Then shall this day, which God hath blest,
Hallow life's every hour,
And bear us to our better rest,
Eternal, perfect, sure.

---

482. C. M. Alford.

SINCERE WORSHIP.

1 O Thou, who hast Thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown;

2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word!

3 When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

4 And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

---

483. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS

COME, HOLY SPIRIT!

1 HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,
Shine amid the clouds of night;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe Thy life, and shed Thy light!
Send us Thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length,
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing Strength!

2 Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send;
Hear our earnest supplication,
Every struggling heart release,
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of eternal Peace!

484. L. M. Mrs. Gilman

THE DAY OF REST.

1 We bless Thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
We would improve the calm repose,
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3 Lord! may Thy truth, upon the heart,
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

---

485. 10 & 6s. M. Anonymous.

THE SABBATH.

1 Thou givest Thy Sabbath, Lord; the din is stilled
Of man's unquiet care;
A sacred calm, with Thy deep presence filled,
Breathes through the silent air.

2 O leave us not, through long and darkened hours,
In night of woe and sin,
But shed Thy Sabbath with its radiant powers
Upon the world within.

3 Purge from our hearts the stains so deep and foul,
Of wrath and pride and care;
Send Thine own holy calm upon the soul,
And bid it settle there.

4 Banish this craving self that still has sought
Lord of the soul to be;
Teach us to turn to fellow-men our thought;
Teach us to turn to Thee!

5 Teach us to love Thy creatures great and small,
To live as in Thine eye;
Thou who hast freely given Thy love to all;—
Thou who to all art nigh!

---

486. L. M. ALFORD.

THE SEED OF THE WORD.

1 O THOU, at whose divine command
Good seed is sown in every land,
Thy holy spirit now impart,
And for Thy word prepare each heart!

2 Not 'mid the thorns of worldly thought,
Nor soon by passing plunderers caught,
Nor lacking depth the root to feed,
May we receive Thy spirit's seed;

3 But may it, where Thy sowers toil,
Fall in a good and honest soil;
And springing up from firmest root,
Through patience, bear abundant fruit.

---

487. L. M. E. H. Chapin

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

1 Our Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with Thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells Thy secret Majesty.
Yet whereso'er our spirits bend
In rev'rent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find Thy spirit there.

2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up;
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn, of him, to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.

And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That Thy true shrine 's a loving heart,
And Thy best praise a holy life!

---

488. P. M. ANONYMOUS

O FATHER! HEAR.

1 HEAR, Father, hear our prayer!
Thou who art pity where sorrow prevaileth,
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
Strength to the feeble and hope to despair,
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

2 Hear, Father, hear our prayer!
Wandering alone in the land of the stranger,
Be with all travellers in sickness or danger,
Guard Thou their path, guide their feet from the snare:
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

3 Hear Thou the poor that cry!
Feed Thou the hungry and lighten their sorrow,
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow;
They are Thy children, their trust is on high:
Hear Thou the poor that cry!

4 Dry Thou the mourner's tear!
Heal Thou the wounds of time-hallowed affection;
Grant to the widow and orphan protection;
Be in their trouble a friend ever near;
Dry Thou the mourner's tear!

5 Hear, Father, hear our prayer!
Long hath Thy goodness our footsteps attended;
Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended:
When at Thy summons for death we prepare,
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

---

489. P. M. BOWRING.

PRAYER OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;
Forgive its weakness!

2 We see Thy hand; it leads us, it supports us:
We hear Thy voice; it counsels and it courts us:
And then we turn away; and still Thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 O how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness; and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

5 Then place them in Thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower escaped through death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

---

490. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey Thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants Thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
In Thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power,
The glory Thine forever more.

---

491. C. M. ANONYMOUS

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A reverent heart shall please Him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From sinful passion free;
And, pure in heart, may I behold
A God of purity!

---

492. L. M. HEBER

GIVE US EACH DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

1 THY bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and barren wilderness,
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

2 And O, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

3 Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul can live;
And grant Thy children, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day!

493. 7s. M. CONDER

DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

1 HEAVENLY Father! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie;
Through the desert when I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2 Leave me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Lord! uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

4 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain, or sorrow, care or shame,—
Father! glorify Thy name.

5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending home to Thee, my God.

---

494. 7 & 6s. M. GASKELL

THINE IS THE GLORY FOREVER.

To Thee, the Lord almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live;

Whose goodness, never-failing
Through countless ages gone,
Forever and forever
Shall still keep shining on.

---

495. H. M. **Sandys**

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

1 All, from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Creator's praise!
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before His throne!

2 Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame,
(Built of the ruddy earth,)
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are,
By Him are led,
Preserved and fed
With tender care.

3 Then to His portals press
In your divine resorts;
With thanks His power profess,
And praise Him in His courts.
How good! how pure!
His mercies last;
His promise past
Is ever sure.

496. 7s. M. CONDER.

O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD!

1 O, GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food:
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours!

2 O, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing;
His our warm and sentient frame;
His the mind's immortal flame;
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed;—but who can
Speak the Father's love to man!

4 O give thanks for him who came,
In a mortal, suffering frame.
Temple of the Deity;—
Came to bear our souls on high;
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

497. 7 & 6s. M. ANONYMOUS.

THANKSGIVING.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Praises to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then in sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise alway, day without night,
In songs that never cease.
And with them our hearts aspire,
On the wings of faith and love,
Vying with the heavenly choir,
Who chant Thy praise above.

3 Still they sing, with glory crowned,
Thanksgiving to Thy name;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our hymn is still the same;
"Glory be to God on high!"
So the song of angels ran,
And our voices still reply,
"Good-will on earth to man!"

498. 8, 7 & 4s. M. BREVIARY

HALLELUJAH, FOR THE LORD REIGNETH.

1 HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy peace to see!
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

---

499. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY

PRAISE THE LORD!

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

3 Praise Him, ye who know His love;
Praise Him, from the depths beneath;
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

---

500. C. M. MARTINEAU'S COLL.

CLOSING HYMN.

O THOU great Spirit! who along
The waters first did move,
And straight, from warring chaos sprung
Light, harmony and love;
Upon our waiting spirits brood,
Bid all their discord cease,
And breathe upon the troubled soul
Thy last, best gift of peace!

---

501. L. M. C. WESLEY

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

1 FATHER, supply my every need;
Sustain the life Thyself hast given;
Oh! grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven!

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more!

502. 7s. M. Bowring

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

1 Lead us with Thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our upward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 Lead us, Father! Thou dost know
All the way: but, wanderers, we
Often miss our way below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee;
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

---

503. L. M. Univ. Coll.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

1 Ere to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of Thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 Oh! may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

504. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.

1 LORD of the families below!
To Thee our prayers we send;
Do Thou from danger and from woe
This dwelling-place defend.

2 Here let Thy peace, O Father, rest;
Here let Thy love abide!
Our every joy in Thee more blest,
Each sorrow sanctified.

3 May our petitions when we meet,
And every secret prayer,
Come up before Thy mercy-seat,
And find acceptance there.

4 Teach us, with hearts made one in love,
To do Thy pure commands;
And give us, in Thy time, above,
A house not made with hands.

---

505. 7s. M. C. WESLEY

BROTHERLY LOVE.

1 LORD! subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By Thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings:
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

506. S. M. ANONYMOUS

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 It is the hour of prayer:
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!
O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

2 The dark and deadly blight
That walks at noontide hour,
The midnight arrow's secret flight,
O'er us have had no power:
But smiles from loving eyes
Have been around our way,
And lips on which a blessing lies
Have bidden us to pray.

3 O, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh;
Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of prayer.

507. L. M. ANONYMOUS

HYMN OF A HOUSEHOLD.

1 For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

2 Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay!

3 Be ours Thy blessed presence still;
United hearts, unchanging love;
No thought that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above!

4 And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Dry gently Thou the mourner's tear,
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

---

508. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

FAMILY EVENING WORSHIP.

1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day our God has been our sun,
Our keeper and our guide,
His arm around our weakness thrown,
His angels at our side.

3 Moments and mercies multiplied
Have made up all the day;
Moments came fast, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New hours, new blessings, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we can praise Thee as we should,
Accept our hearts' desire!

---

509. L. M. S. S. Cutting.

FAMILY HYMN. EVENING.

1 Father, we bless the gentle care
That watches o'er us day by day,
That guards us from the tempter's snare,
And guides us in the heavenward way:—
We bless Thee for the tender love
That mingles all our hearts in one,—
The music of the soul;—above
'T is purer spirits' unison.

2 Father, 't is evening's solemn hour,
And cast we now our cares on Thee;
Darkly the storm may round us lower
Peace is within,—Christ makes us free;—
And when life's toil and joy are o'er,
And evening gathers on its sky,
Our circle broke,—we sing no more,—
O, may we meet and sing on high

510. L. M. MOORE.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE WATERS.

1 LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light;

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before;
And freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there!

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire,
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

---

511. 8, 7 & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS

CALLS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 BROTHER, will you slight the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender,
Every line how full of love!
Heavenly accents
Full of strength and peace and love!

2 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with deepest consolation
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds,
Blessed he their word who hears!

3 Holy angels, hovering round us!
Waiting spirits! speed your way.
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
That our spirits
Glad the message will obey.

---

512. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

IN SPIRITUAL DEADNESS.

1 O THOU, who all things dost control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul!
With reverent joy, with loving awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.

2 O, let a ray from Thy pure light
Pierce through the gathering shades of night!
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
And holy conquering faith inspire.

3 This deadly slumber when I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal,
Then, Lord, descend with quickening power,
And wake me, that I sleep no more!

513. L. M. WESLEYAN.

SEEKING REST.

1 O THOU, in whom the weary find
Alone their permanent repose;
Send light into my doubting mind,
Relieve my fears, assuage my woes;
O let my soul on Thee be cast,
Till sin's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Far, far from Thee, O God, removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below;
Back unto Thee, at last, I fly:
Save! for the waters still are high.

3 Selfish pursuits and pleasure's maze,
The things of earth, for Thee I leave;
Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And still it, Father, on Thy breast.

4 Fill with inviolable peace;
'Stablish in faith my restless heart;
In Thee let all my wanderings cease,
From Thee may I no more depart;
Never again from Thee remove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

514. 10s. M. Dr. Tuckerman.

MY HEAVEN IN THEE.

1 Father divine, this deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul:
O break this bondage, Lord! I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven, in Thee.

2 My heaven in Thee! O God, no other heaven
To the immortal soul can e'er be given;
O, let Thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, Thy will be done!

3 My heaven in Thee, O Father, let me find—
My heaven in Thee, within a heart resigned:
No more, of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair,
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

---

515. S. M. Wesleyan

WATCH AND PRAY, LEST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION.

1 Father, this slumber shake
From off my heavy soul!
Say to me now,—awake! awake!
And I will make thee whole!

2 Touch with Thy strengthening hand;
Arouse me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of Thy power.

3 Give me on Thee to call;
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
And watchful may I be,
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking unto Thee.

---

516. S. M. C. WESLEY

FOR HELP IN TEMPTATION.

1 THOU seest my feebleness;
Father! be Thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower!

2 Give me to trust in Thee;
Be Thou my sure abode;
My helm and sword and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God!

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to Thee alone,
For always, I commend;
Thou lovest me, Father, as Thine own,
And lovest to the end.

517. S. M. C. WESLEY.

ASPIRATION.

1 O COME and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring Thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.

2 The inward, deep disease,
Spirit of Health, remove!
Spirit of perfect Holiness!
Spirit of perfect Love!

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall all sin consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become!

---

518. C. M. WESLEYAN

DESIRES FOR HOLINESS.

1 O, FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels how good,
Thou, Lord, hast been to me.

2 O for an humble, trustful heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within;—

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
Conformed, O Lord, to Thine.

4 Thy spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write Thy name upon my heart!
Thy name, O God, is love.

---

519. S. M. Mrs. Hemans.

FOR HEAVENLY THOUGHTS.

1 Come to me, thoughts of heaven!
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air,
Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day,
O blessed thoughts of heaven!

2 Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts! and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory, shower
Your soft effacing rain;
Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven;
Where living founts forever shine;
O blessed thoughts of heaven!

---

520. C. M. Bath Coll.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

1 O, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

---

521. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER FOR SUBMISSION.

1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent.

5 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say
"The Lord is gracious still."

6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

---

522. C. M. C. WESLEY

FOR THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

1 SPEAK with us, Lord; Thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All toil and time and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou art present there.

3 Here then, our God, be pleased to stay,
And bid our hearts rejoice;
Our bounding hearts shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest us to seek Thy face;
Thy face, O God, we seek,
Attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

---

523. C. M. WESLEYAN

STRUGGLING UPWARD.

1 FATHER divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted children give
The power to watch and pray

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 Thy spirit of untroubled peace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name.

4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let Thee go;

5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee.

6 Then let us, on the mountain top,
Behold Thine unveiled face.
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

---

524. 7 & 6s. M. WESLEYAN.

LONGING FOR REST IN GOD.

1 O ALMIGHTY God of love!
Thy holy arm display;
Send us succor from above,
Against the evil day;
Arm our weakness with Thy power;
Put Thy strength our hearts within;
Be our stronghold and our tower
Against the assaults of sin.

2 Could we of Thy strength take hold,
And always feel Thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
Our souls would know no fear.
Nothing could their firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were we built upon the rock
They never could prevail.

3 Thou would'st, in the trying hour,
A sure protection be,
Guard us from temptation's power,
And fix our souls on Thee.
Lord, on Thee our trust is placed;
Never thence may we remove;
In the arms of love embraced,
Thine everlasting love.

---

525. S. M. *

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, MY SOUL?

1 We pray for truth and peace;
With weary hearts we ask
Some rest in which our souls may cease
From life's perplexing task.
We weep—yet none is found;
We weep—yet hope grows faint;—
And deeper in its mournful sound
Goes up our wild complaint.

2 Only to living faith
The promises are shown;
And by the love that passes death
The rest is won alone.

Be ours the earnest heart,
Be ours the steady will,
To work in silent trust our part;
For God is working still.

3 Then newer lights shall rise
Above these clouds of sin,
And heaven's unfolding mysteries
To glad our souls begin.
Our hearts from fear and wrong
Shall win their full release,
With God's own might forever strong,
And calm with God's own peace.

---

526. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

1 THAT might of faith, O Lord! bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which will not let the angel go
Until the prayer it gain.

2 On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

3 And, Father, when I doubt that I
Can live, and sin no more;
Then if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

527. L. M. ANONYMOUS

FOR SELF-RENUNCIATION.

1 FATHER of might, my bonds I feel,
And long for perfect liberty;
I would deny my selfish will,
And, Father, give up all to Thee!

2 O, with Thy strength my weakness fill!
That strength shall every foe subdue:
The doubts that tempt, the sins that kill,
The wishes to the cross untrue.

3 A sinless mind in me reveal,
Thy spirit's fulness, Lord, impart!
Till all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.

4 So shall I own Thy perfect sway,
And, sitting humbly at Thy feet,
Thy law with all my heart obey,
And all my soul to Thee submit.

---

528. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

DEDICATION TO GOD.

1 HOLY Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, Thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still Thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength, — the spirit's strength indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side!

---

529. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE PATIENT WAITING UPON GOD.

1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let His word support your souls;
Well can He bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

2 He waits His own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display;
And His paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

3 Blest are the humble souls that wait
With sweet submission to His will;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still; —

4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with His praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

---

530. L. M. C. Wesley.

GOD OUR DELIVERER.

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Whither, oh whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast;
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest!

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O God, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run:
But Thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and ignorant, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

531. C. M.

THE POWER OF TRUST.

My God! in life's most doubtful hour,
In sharpest pains of death,
Who waits on Thee hath peace and power;
Thou present help of faith!

2 Thy crown of joy upon his head,
Thy light upon his face,
Through storms and strife Thy Christ could tread,
On to the happy place.

3 And though the cross were sharp and high,
The lifted Lord could see
The souls he loved drawn nearer by
His love's last energy.

4 Help me, O God! to seek—to win,
Through struggles and through prayer,
The faith which frees my soul from sin,
And brings Thy blessing there.

5 So shall my cross of conquered shame
My fainting brothers raise,
So Thy triumphant mercy flame
Around my path of praise.

6 And earth, with all its pain and toil,
By love's pure presence blest,
Shall wear the calm celestial smile
Of heaven's eternal rest.

532. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

THROUGH CROSS TO LIGHT.

1 BEAR on, my soul! the bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

2 Bear on, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance will come;
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring His children home.

3 And Thou, my heavenly Friend and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on;
Taught me to rest my fainting head
Upon Thy heart alone.

4 So comforted and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All, messengers of love.

---

533. 11 & 10s. M. *

THE MIGHT OF FAITH.

1 WE will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt,—if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

2 We will not faint,—if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear,
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

3 O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

4 Help us, oh Father!—when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend,
Help us, oh Father! let Thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness,—till the joyful end.

---

534. 8 & 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

FAITH.

1 CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed!

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
Guile nor violence shall harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 There, though winds and waves are swelling,
God, thy hope, shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

4 He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He shall shield thee from above.

---

535. 8 & 7s. M. MORAVIAN

BEARING THE REPROACH OF CHRIST.

1 Cross, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

2 The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here his burden bear
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

3 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith!
Lift triumphant songs and praises,
Even in martyrdom and death.

4 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

536. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

FAITH.

1 LET the world despise and leave me,—
Once they left my Saviour too;
Let all human hopes deceive me,
Thou wilt never be untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Yet the darkness shall be light.

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have learned to call Thee Father,
I have fixed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Thou canst give me sweetest rest.
O, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

537. L. M. Doddridge

SEEING THE INVISIBLE.

1 Eternal and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory 's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God! to Thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in Thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4 O ever conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire:
Behold it presseth on to Thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5 This one petition would it urge—
To bear Thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight!

---

538. C. M. Breviary

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

1 Supreme disposer of the heart!
Thou, since the world was made,
Hast the blest fruits of holiness
To holy hearts displayed.

2 Here, hope and faith their links unite
With love in one sweet chain;
But when all fleeting things are past,
Love shall alone remain.

3 O love! O true and fadeless light!
And shall it ever be,
That after all our toils and tears
Thy sabbath we shall see?

4 'Mid thousand fears and dangers now
We sow our seed, with prayer,
But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

5 O God of justice, God of power!
Our faith and hope increase,
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace.

---

539. 7s. M. WESLEYAN

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

1 FATHER! we look up to Thee;
Let us in Thy love agree;
Thou, who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Self-forgetful, true and kind;
Strong, yet meek in thought and word,
Like Thy Son, our blessed Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Ready, when reviled, to bless;
Studious of the law of peace.

4 Father! all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire;
Guided by that blessed light,
Order all our steps aright.

5 Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in Thee abide;
All the depths of love express,—
All the heights of holiness.

---

540. S. M. MONTGOMERY

THE SOWER.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land!
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Drop it upon the rock!

2 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'ĕr hill and dale and plain 't is found,
Go forth, then, everywhere!
And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky;

Then when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

---

541. L. M. WATTS.

PRESS ONWARD TO THE MARK.

1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint:
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust in human strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

---

542. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD.

1 FOLLOWERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
To each obedient son.

2 Stand forth in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

3 And, above all, lay hold
Of faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Ye cannot lose the field.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And consecrate the whole.

5 That having all things done,
And conquered in the strife,
To nobler service ye pass on,
And an undying life!

---

543. S. M. HEATH.

CONFLICT.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and strive, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

---

544. 7s. M. NEALE

BEARING THE CROSS.

1 EVERY bird that upward springs
Bears the Cross upon his wings;
We without it cannot rise
Upward to our native skies.

2 Every ship that meets the waves
By the Cross their fury braves;
We, on life's wide ocean tossed,
If we have it not are lost.

3 Hope it gives us when distrest,
When we faint it gives us rest;
Satan's craft, and Satan's might,
By the Cross are put to flight.

4 That from sin earth might be free,
Jesus bore it; so must we;
Ne'er through faintness lay it down:
First the Cross, and then the crown!

---

545. C. M. HEBER

IN THE DAY OF DISTRESS.

1 OH God, that mad'st the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Oh listen to Thy children's cry,
And help us when we pray!

2 For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the burdened heart,
To view the rocky shore.

3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair!

4 Have mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when his sorrows visit us,
O send his patience too.

---

546. C. M. DODDRIDGE

GOD TEMPERS THE WIND TO THE SHORN LAMB.

1 GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
We own Thy power divine;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work Thy sovereign will;
And awed by Thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek Thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

547. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

1 OUT of the depths of woe,
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds Thee, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

2 Like them whose longing eyes
Watch till the morning star,
Though late and seen through tempests, rise,
Heaven's portals to unbar,—

3 Like them I watch and pray;
And though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day
Then burst into a song.

4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For lo, the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms Thy face obscure.
And dangers threaten loud,
Thy holy covenant is sure;
Thy bow is in the cloud!

---

548. 7 & 6s. M. MONTGOMERY

IN TIME OF TRIBULATION.

1 IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, our earnest cries:
With humble supplication
To Thee the spirit flies.

2 Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deepest sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off forever?
Can time His truth impair?
His tender mercy never
Shall we presume to share?

4 Hath He His loving-kindness
Shut up in bitter wrath?
No! it is human blindness,
That cannot see His path.

5 We 'll call to recollection
The years of Thy right hand,
And, strong in Thy protection,
Again through Faith we stand.

6 Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
But let earth's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone!

7 Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the wave thou treadest,
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

---

549. 6 & 5s. M. MONTGOMERY

I WILL EXTOL THEE, O LORD!

1 YEA, I will extol Thee,
Lord of Life and light!
For Thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight.

2 I implored Thy succor,
Thou wast swift to save,
To heal my wounded spirit,
And bring me from the grave.

3 Grief may, like the pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return.

4 Thou hast turned my mourning
Into minstrelsy:
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldom free.

5 Thee my ransomed powers
Henceforth shall adore;
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless forevermore!

---

550. S. M. BREVIARY.

MORNING HYMN.

1 BEHOLD, night's shadows fade,
And morn is in the skies!
To Him by whom all things were made
Our aspirations rise.

2 To break this deathly trance
Help us, our God, our stay!
Give the freed spirit utterance,
Its languors charm away!

3 So sin shall cease to reign,
So safety shall be nigh;
Rend, spirit blest, the heavy chains
Of death, in victory!

551. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

MORNING HYMN.

1 BE Thou, O God, by night, by day,
My guard, my guide from sin,
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within.

2 Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumes,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

3 So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise.

---

552. 12 & 11s. M. ANONYMOUS.

VESPER HYMN.

1 THE daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean,
The sun has gone down o'er the slumbering sea;
And now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.

2 For oft would'st thou wander alone on the mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave;
Now, filling our souls from thy light's ceaseless fountain:
Be near in the darkness, to bless and to save.

3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy guarding wing be stretched over our pillow,
And shield us from evil, though death watch our sleep.

---

553. 10 & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS.

VESPERS.

1 FATHER supreme! Thou high and holy One,
To Thee we bow;
Now, when the labor of the day is done,
Devoutly, now.

2 From age to age unchanging, still the same
All-good Thou art;
Hallowed forever be Thy reverend name
In every heart!

3 When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel Thy care.

4 Night spreads her shade upon another day
Forever past;
So o'er our faults, Thy love, we humbly pray
A veil may cast.

5 Silence and sleep, o'er hearts by earth distrest,
Now sweetly steal;
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal.

6 Thou through the dark will watch above our sleep
With eye of love;
And Thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.

7 O, may each heart its gratitude express
As life expands,
And find the triumph of its happiness
In Thy commands!

---

554. 8 & 7s. M. MARTINEAU'S COLL.

EVENING HYMN.

1 ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her fragrant offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

3 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let Thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

---

555. 7s. M. DODDRIDGE

NIGHT.

1 WHILE the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my thoughts to God shall rise.

2 From on high He shall impart
Secret comfort to my heart;
He in these serenest hours
Guide my spiritual powers.

3 He His spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews;
Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love.

4 What if death my sleep invade;—
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

5 Visions brighter than the morn
Greet the deathless spirit born:
See, the guardian angel nigh
Waits to waft my soul on high!

6 With Thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor, rest;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee!

---

556. 11s. M. Breviary.

EVEN-SONG

1 Be near us, O Father! through night's silent hour;
Impart to our slumbers Thy calmness divine;
Drop rest on our lids like the dew on the flower,
That even our still sleep may have something of Thine.

2 O watch o'er our couch; drive the tempter away;
From the sins that corrupt and betray keep us free;
That nor fancy shall wander, nor passion shall stray,
And we dream not a thought that's displeasing to Thee.

3 And grant, when deep sleep o'er our senses shall close,
That the heart may still watch, all unclouded and clear;
Guard, guard still Thy children; and bless the repose
That, stainless of sin, is untouched by a fear.

4 Then still to Thee, Father, our praises we pay;
Still to Thee we will offer love's infinite store;
Send down Thy pure spirit, even now while we pray;
Be with us, and keep us, and bless, evermore!

---

557. C. M. Breviary

OUR GUARD BY NIGHT.

1 Lord of the world, who hast preserved
Us safely through this day,
Now guard us in the silent night,
And in all time, we pray!

2 Be present, in Thy peace, to those
Who as Thy suppliants wait;
Blot out the record of our sin;
Our gloom illuminate!

3 Let not, amid our hours of sleep,
Life's enemy steal in:
Let not a vision of the night
Have power to whisper sin.

4 Guard every avenue from guile,
When slumber seals our eyes;
And guiltless as we laid us down,
So guiltless let us rise.

558. 11s. M. BREVIARY.

HYMN OF NIGHT.

1 CREATOR of all! through whose all-seeing might
This ponderous globe to its hour is true,
Thou glad'st us each morn with the vision of light,
And at eve on our lids pourest slumber like dew.

2 The toils of the day are now brought to their end,
And night is preparing her balm for our eyes;
Our strength, Lord, encourage, our weakness defend;
Hear our prayers as they spring, and our hymns as they rise!

3 We beseech of Thee now, when dim night over all
Is enfolding her shroud and resuming her sway,
That Thy grace still may shine, 'mid the glooms that appal,
As a star to our eyes, and a lamp to our way.

4 Though our bodies may sleep, let our souls be awake,
Keep them free from the deadness that guilt only knows;
Be the dream of the night pure as day, for Thy sake,
And the calm of Thy paradise on our repose!

5 From all stain of crime let our bosoms be free,
And still rest on our God, unpolluted and clear;
So the tempter shall flee; nor our slumbers endure
One pang of remorse or one shudder of fear.

---

559. L. M. BREVIARY.

NIGHT-WATCHES.

1 THROUGHOUT the hours of darkness dim,
Still let us watch and raise the hymn;
And in deep midnight's awful calm,
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.

2 Amid the silence, else so drear,
Think the Almighty leans to hear;
Well pleased to list, at such a time,
The wakeful heart, in praise sublime.

3 Still watch and pray and raise the hymn,
Throughout the hours of darkness dim!
God will not spurn the humblest guest,
But give us of His holy rest.

4 Glory to God, who is in heaven!
Praise to His blessed Son be given!
Thee, holy spirit, we implore,
Be with us now and evermore!

560. 7s. M. WESLEYAN

COMMUNION HYMN.

1 JESUS, we thy promise claim;
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love!

2 Give to us thy humble mind,
Patient, fearless, just and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.
Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Give to us the fruits of peace,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love, the proof that Christ we know:
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we have walked with thee!
Love, thine image, love impart,
Stamp its impress on each heart,
Only love to us be given,
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

561. 7s. M. WESLEYAN.

COMMUNION HYMN.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up!
Nobly let us bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life;

2 Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Jesus, fill us with thy love,
Never from our souls remove,
Heart to heart unite and bless,
Keep us in thy perfect peace!

4 In our lives our faith be known,
Faith by holy actions shown;
Faith that mountains can remove,
Faith that always works by love.

---

562. 7 & 6s. M. GERMAN.

O SACRED HEAD!

O SACRED head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
So scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thine only crown;
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How do those features languish
Which once were fair as morn!

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
This love that knew no end!
O, make me thine forever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

---

563. L. M. ANONYMOUS

CHRIST A QUICKENING SPIRIT.

1 We follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
Into thy glorious liberty.

2 We cast behind fear, sin and death;
With thee we seek the things above;
Our inmost souls thy spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love.

3 The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father's will;
Like thee, the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still.

4 The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long;
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.

5 Thus through thy quickening spirit, Lord,
Thy perfect life in us reveal,
And help us, as we live to God,
Still more and more with man to feel.

564. C. M. *

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

1 Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours!
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
"And the sweet tasks of love."

---

565. L. M. Doddridge.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

1 God of eternity! from Thee
Did infant time his being draw:
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by Thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and swift they glide away:
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

566. 7s. M. NEWTON.

NEW YEAR.

1 BLESS, O Lord, each opening year
To the souls assembling here:
Clothe Thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

2 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

3 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All Thy power and all Thy love!

---

567. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

1 FATHER of mercies! God of peace!
Being whose bounties never cease!
While to the heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise!

2 Our hamlets, sheltered by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage by Thy blessing yields
An hundred fold from ripened fields:
And flowing grain, and burthened vine,
Are tokens of Thy Love divine.

3 The cradled head of infancy
Doth owe its tranquil rest to Thee;
Youth's doubting step, man's firmer tread,
In years mature, by Thee are led;
Secure may trembling age, oh Lord!
Lean on its staff, Thy holy Word.

4 Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love;
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all good in Thee;
And be Thy word our daily food,
Thy service, Lord, our greatest good.

---

568. 7s. M. MARY W. HALE.

CHRISTMAS.

1 WHEN in silence, o'er the deep,
Darkness kept its deathlike sleep,
Soon as God His mandate spoke,
Light in wondrous beauty broke.

2 But a beam of holier light
Gilded Bethlehem's lonely night,
When the glory of the Lord,
Mercy's sunlight, shone abroad.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
Burst the glorious anthem then;
Angels, bending from above,
Joined that strain of holy love.

4 Floating o'er the waves of time,
Comes to us that song sublime,
Bearing to the pilgrim's ear
Words to soothe, sustain, and cheer.

5 For creation's blessed light,
Praise to Thee, Thou God of might!
Seraph-strains Thy name should bless
For the Sun of Righteousness!

---

569. P. M. LONGFELLOW.

ORDINATION.

1 CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more,
If thou wouldst perfect be;
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

2 Within this temple, Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words has said;
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

3 And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

4 Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

5 O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

570. 7s. M. C. Wesley

AT SEA.

1 Lord! whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of Thy hand,
Hide and bring us safe to land.

2 Father, let our faithful mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the friends whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea,
Bid them come, by faith, to Thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on Thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

---

571. 7s. M. Mrs. Sigourney.

PRAYER FOR THE SAILOR.

1 When the parting bosom bleeds,
When their native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes them to her trust again,
Father! view the sailor's woe—
Guide them wheresoe'er they go.

2 When the lonely watch they keep,
Silent on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear them daily on their course,
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on their head.

3 When the Sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,
Spirit! let thy presence be
Sabbath to the unresting sea.

4 When the raging billows dark
Thunder round the storm-tossed bark,
Thou who on the whelming wave
Didst the loved disciples save,
Thou canst hear them when they pray, —
Jesus, Saviour, be their stay!

---

572. L. M. C. Wesley.

THE SAILOR'S HYMN.

1 Lord of the wide-extended main!
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;

2 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine;
We own Thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in Thine immensity!

3 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove,
The wondrous heights of boundless power,
The unfathomable depths of love.

4 Infinite God, Thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of Thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise.

5 And here Thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear:
While through the mighty waves we pass
Faith only sees that God is here.

---

573. C. M. H. K. White

IN A STORM.

1 The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 Ye nations bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God!

574. L. M. E. H. Chapin.

FOR A CHARITABLE OCCASION.

1 When long the soul had slept in chains
And man to man was stern and cold;
When love and worship were but strains
That swept the gifted chords of old—
By shady mount and peaceful lake,
A meek and lowly stranger came,
The weary drank the words he spake,
The poor and suffering blessed his name.

2 He went where frenzy held its rule,
Where sickness breathed its spell of pain;
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool,
And by the darkened gate of Nain.
He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,
He raised the contrite sinner's head,
And on the loved ones' lowly rest
The light of better life he shed.

3 Father, the spirit Jesus knew
We humbly ask of Thee to-night,
That we may be disciples too
Of him whose way was love and light.
Bright be the places where we tread
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,
Until that day when tears are shed,
And broken sighs are heard, no more.

575. C. M. W. Croswell.

HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

---

576. 7 & 6s. M. E. H. Chapin.

TRIUMPH OF TEMPERANCE.

1 Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win;
Lo! on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant Sin;
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charmed cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is—"On."

2 Our fathers' God, our keeper!
Be Thou our strength divine!
Thou sendest forth the reaper,
The harvest all is Thine.

Roll on, roll on this gladness,
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more!

---

577. S. M. HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

"STRONG DRINK HATH SLAIN ITS THOUSANDS."

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong!
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
O'er the deluded throng!

2 Mourn for the ruined soul;
For reason's life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night!

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free!
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And guard their liberty!

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to the Lord above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love!

578. 11 & 10s. M. WHITTIER.

TRUE WORSHIP AND UNDEFILED.

1 O, HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!
The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good:
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

579. 11s. M. J. G. Adams

THE ANGEL IN THE PRISON.

1 God's angels! not only on high do they sing,
And soar through our skies with invisible wing;
But here, on the earth, where in wretchedness lie
Its sin-stricken children to struggle and die.

2 They come, in their mercy and power, to dispel
The spectres of gloom from the prisoner's cell;
In love's name to say to the stricken one there,
That God still hath ear, and an answer to prayer.

3 And strong grows the heart of the outcast—and soon
In that dim prison come the pure light-gleams of noon;
The resolve and the faith of the sinner forgiven,
Send him back to the world with a heart seeking heaven.

4 God's angels! Love speed them o'er earth's wide domain!
New aids to impart, and new triumphs to gain;
Till the wrathful and wrong from our world shall retire,
And humanity's groans in her praises expire.

5 For the promise of truth — though the doubting deny —
Is, that love shall prevail in the earth as on high;
Its life-waters healing, wherever they flow,
With the angels above, or the angels below.

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580. L. M. AIKIN.

IN TIME OF WAR.

1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To Thee we look, on Thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race;

3 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above —
"My children, live in mutual love!"

581. C. M. W. B. O. Peabody.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

[1] Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

[2] The winds breathe low, — the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

[3] How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

[4] How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

[5] And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

[6] Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

582. C. M. FABER.

LOVE OF GOD'S WILL.

[1] I WORSHIP Thee, sweet will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And, every day I live, I long
To love Thee more and more.

[2] Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

[3] He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

[4] Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will.

[5] When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

[6] I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

583. P. M. ANONYMOUS

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

584. S. M. JOHNS

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

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585. C. M. MONTGOMERY

UNITY.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and His might;
While all His works with all His ways
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from Thee the heart,
Its life from Thee the soul.

---

586. P. M. ANONYMOUS

PEACE EVERYWHERE.

1 NATURE hath seasons of repose;
Her slumbering clouds and quiet sky;
And many a bright-faced stream that flows
Forever noiselessly.

2 The stormy winds are hushed to rest,
And hang self-poised upon their wings;
And nursed on mother nature's breast,
Flowers lie like sleeping things.

3 The ocean, that in mountains ran,
Spreads boundlessly without a wave;
And is it only said of *man*,
His peace is in the grave?

4 Oh! for the coming of the end,
The last long Sabbath-day of time,
When peace from heaven shall descend,
Like light, on every clime.

5 For men in ships far off at sea
Shall hear the happy nations raise
The song of peace and liberty,
And overflowing praise.

6 Mankind shall be one brotherhood;
One human soul shall fill the earth,
And God shall say, "The world is good
As when I gave it birth."

---

587. L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race!

2 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 O spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every people call Thee Lord.

588. C. M. A. C. Coxe.

THE CHURCH EVERLASTING.

1 O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But Holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within, her solemn voice,
And her unending song.

2 For not like kingdoms of the world
The Holy Church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,
And tempests are abroad;
Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmovable she stands,—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

---

589. C. M. Sp. of Psalms.

THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH.

1 Thy servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay:
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad day-spring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

2 On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be Thy love adored;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness sin and death,
And grief, shall flee away.

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590. S. M. DODDRIDGE

THE PILGRIM'S HYMN.

1 Now let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song:
Ye pilgrims in God's holy way,
With music pass along!

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there!

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of hope shines on our path,
And dear companions sing.

4 All glory to His name,
Who drew the shining trace;
To Him who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with His grace.

5 Subdue the nations, Lord!
Teach all their kings Thy ways;
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heaven resound the praise.

591. 7 & 5s. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

1 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed!
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the gospel's love and trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward fly!
Long has been the reign of night,
Bring the morning nigh.
Unto thee earth's sufferers lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them heaven's holy gift
Ere their courage fail.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed!
Morning bursts upon our sight,
Lo, the time decreed!
Now the Lord His kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
God is all in all.

592. S. M. *

THE REFORMER'S VOW.

1 God of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art,—
We come to do Thy will!

2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

4 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
The spirit's Godlikeness.

5 No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue;—
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,
Through Thy completeness, strong!

6 Thou hearest while we pray;
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, our God, to-day,
Thy word,—"On earth be light!"

593. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

BE STRONG, FEAR NOT.

1 PRISONERS of hope! be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
The day which prophets have foretold,
And saints have longed for, draweth near:
Our God shall in His kingdom come;
Prepare your hearts to make Him room!

2 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up;
Doubt not, nor cry "O God, how long?"
Hope to the end, in patience hope!
O never from your faith remove;
Ye cannot fail, for God is love!

3 Lord, we have faith; we wait the hour
Which to the earth Thy kingdom brings;
When Thou, in love, and joy, and power,
Shalt come and make us priests and kings:
When man shall be indeed Thy son,
And Thy pure will on earth be done.

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594. C. M. ANONYMOUS

HE MAKETH ALL THINGS NEW.

1 ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroyed!
Creative spirit, as of old
Move on the formless void!

2 Give Thou the word—the healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains shall angel harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew!

---

595. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE MORNING.

1 We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By His almighty power.

2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs;
Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on His wings.

3 And even now, amid the gray,
The East is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be Thine!

5 O, guide us till our night is done!
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore!

596. 7 & 6s. M. MONTGOMERY.

LO! HE COMETH.

1 GOD comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
He comes to break oppression,
And set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down, as showers
Upon the thirsty earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His great, best name of Love.

597. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE HOLY WAY.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way His hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the trace in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

598. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

THE PROPHET'S VISION.

1 FAINT the earth, and parched with drought,
Make the waters, Lord, gush out!
Streams of love our thirst to bless,
Starting in the wilderness.
Long we wait Thy peace to know:
Father, bid the waters flow,
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Make man's suffering spirit whole.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
Loneliest deserts now rejoice,
When the Lord His presence shows,
Lo, they blossom like the rose;
See! this barren earth of ours
Buds and puts forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of peace,
Love and Joy and Righteousness!

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599. L. M. *J. WESLEY

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN.

1 SPIRIT of peace and love and power,
Fountain of life and light below,
Abroad Thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.
Inspire our hearts with perfect love;
In all the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do Thy will.

2 Father, 't is Thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou clothest the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
To Thee we pray; for all must live
By Thee, who knowest their every need—
Pray for the world, that Thou wilt give
All human hearts Thy living bread.

3 In faith we wait and long and pray,
To see that time, by prophets told,
When nations, new-born into day,
Shall be ingathered to Thy fold.
We cannot doubt Thy gracious will,
Thou mighty, merciful and just!
And Thou wilt speedily fulfil
The word in which Thy servants trust.

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600. C. M. Breviary.

BRIGHTENING UNTO THE PERFECT DAY.

1 Gone is the hollow, murky night,
With all its shadows dun;
O shine upon us, heavenly light,
As on the earth the sun!

2 Pour on our hearts Thy heavenly beam.
In radiance sublime!
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time!

3 Lo, on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall:
But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all.

4 This is the dawn of infant faith;
The day will follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with freer breath,
And morn be lost in noon;

5 For to the seed that 's sown to-day
A harvest time is given,
When charity with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven.

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH: AND ON EARTH PEACE:
GOOD WILL TO MEN.
466

SPRINGFIELD SUPPLEMENT.

600. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE HEART.

[1] When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

[2] From marble domes and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise;
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

[3] Vain, sinful man! Creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

601. C. M. Watts.

FORMAL WORSHIP VAIN.

[1] God is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

[2] Nothing but truth, before His throne,
With honor can appear:
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

[3] Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Wherein no heart is found.

[4] Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere;
Then shall we stand before Thy face,
And find acceptance there.

---

603. 7s. M. F. H. Hedge.

INVOCATION.

[1] Sovereign and transforming Grace!
We invoke Thy quickening power;
Reign, the spirit of this place;
Bless the purpose of this hour.

[2] Holy and creative Light!
We invoke Thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirit's night,
Turn our darkness into day.

[3] Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline!

604. L. M. Bishop Kenn.

MORNING OFFERING.

[1] Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

[2] In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think how thy secret thoughts and ways
God's all-discerning eye surveys.

[3] Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

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605. L. M. Hawkesworth.

MORNING HYMN.

[1] In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

[2] New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.

[3] O guide me through the various ways
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head!

606. C. M. C. Wesley.

THY KINGDOM COME.

1 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign!

2 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Now to our souls bring in.

3 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

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607. L. M. Doddridge.

SUBJECTION TO THE FATHER OF SPIRITS.

1 Eternal Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath Thyself forgot,
Whilst Thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of Thee some faint, reflected ray,
They, wondering, to their Father rise:
His power how vast! His thoughts how wise!

3 O may we live before Thy face,
The willing subjects of Thy grace;
And through each path of duty move,
With filial awe and filial love!

608. L. M. MORAVIAN.

THE SOUL SEEKING FOR GOD.

[1] O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee:
O, burst these bonds, and set it free!

[2] If in the darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way:
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

[3] When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God! Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

[4] If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

---

609. 7s. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

[1] O THOU Refuge of my soul!
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Father! hide,
Till the storms of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

[2] Other refuge have I none,
Helpless hangs my soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

[3] Thou, O God! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

---

610. L. M. LYRA CATH.

THE COMFORTER.

[1] COME, O Creator, Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

[2] Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

[3] Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

611. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

CHOOSING THE BETTER PART.

[1] BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father Divine! diffuse Thy Light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

[2] Engage this roving, treacherous heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

[3] Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth with skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

[4] If Thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

---

612. S. M. WESLEYAN.

FOR A HOLY HEART.

[1] GREAT Source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by Thy Holy Spirit write
Thy law upon my heart!
My soul would cleave to Thee;
Let nought my purpose move;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

[2] Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O, let my soul on Thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!
Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

---

613. L. M. Christ. Psalmist.

FOR DIVINE HELP.

[1] Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from Thee.

[2] Enrich me alway with Thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let Thy spirit on me rest.

[3] Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What Thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases Thee.

[4] O, may I never do my will,
But Thine, and only Thine, fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to Thy praise.

614. 6 & 4s. M. CHESH. COLL.

FOR GOD'S HELP AND GUIDANCE.

[1] O GOD, Thy grace impart;
Revive my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
Reveal Thyself to me,
And may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

[2] While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor ever let me stray
From Thee aside.

[3] When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
O Father, then in love,
Fear and distress remove,
And bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

615. C. M. Wesley's Coll.

FOR MUTUAL EDIFICATION.

[1] Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

[2] Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

[3] Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

---

616. C. M. Cappe's Sel.

SEEKING DIVINE GUIDANCE.

[1] Eternal Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To Thee we bring our grateful vows,
To Thee lift up our eyes.

[2] Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

[3] Safely conduct us, by Thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At Thy right hand, O God.

617. 7s. M. BATHURST.

FOR THE HELP OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

[1] HOLY Spirit! from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

[2] Light up every dark recess
Of our hearts' ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

[3] May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race;
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

---

618. C. M. WATTS.

FOR MORE FERVENT DEVOTION.

[1] COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

[2] In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

[3] Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

619. L. M. Henry Moore.

FOR STEADINESS OF PRINCIPLE.

[1] Amidst a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat, —

[2] Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold Thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

[3] Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

[4] May never pleasure, wealth, or pride;
Allure my wandering soul aside,
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to Thy heavenly hill.

---

620. L. M. W. B. O. Peabody.

FOR A BLESSING ON THE SANCTUARY.

[1] Our fathers' God! whose eye of love
Beams bright with kindness from above,
To see and lighten every care,
To hear and answer every prayer,

[2] Within the temple's peaceful walls,
Thy Spirit most divinely falls;
O! may these walls forever be
Kept sacred to Thy name and Thee.

[3] Here may the precepts of Thy Son
Bind all divided hearts in one;
Here may Thy children meet to pray,
And praise Thee to their latest day.

[4] Here may Thy presence, Lord, inspire
Thy servants' lips with living fire;
With power to set the guilty free,
And charm their willing souls to Thee.

---

621. 8 & 7s. M. SPRINGFIELD COL.

LIGHT IMPLORED.

[1] LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Thou, the heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring brightness on our eyes.

[2] Still we wait for Thy appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Visit us in kind compassion;
Every burdened heart release;
With the day-spring of salvation,
Guide us into perfect peace.

622. C. M. Doddridge.

SEEKING THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

[1] Shine forth, Eternal Source of light,
And make Thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight,
With lustre all Thine own.

[2] Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in Thy presence lost.

[3] To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill;
True science is to read Thy name,
True life to do Thy will.

[4] For this I long, for this I pray,
And, following on, pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

---

623. L. M. Beddome.

TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

[1] Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

[2] To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth Thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

[3] Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

[4] While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

---

624. L. M. COWPER.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

[1] O LORD! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

[2] For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

[3] Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

625. 8, 7 & 4s. M. OLIVER.

GOD OUR HELP AND OUR STRENGTH.

[1] GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

[2] Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

[3] When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

---

626. L. M. MERRICK.

TAUGHT OF GOD.

[1] TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, Thy way,
That to my life's remotest day,
By Thy unerring wisdom led,
My feet the paths of truth may tread.

[2] Informed by Thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate Thy law,
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To Thee its full obedience yield.

[3] Give me to know Thy word aright,
Thy word, my soul's supreme delight,
That, raised above the world, my mind
In Thee its better wealth may find.

[4] O turn from vanity mine eye,
To me Thy quickening strength supply;
And with Thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to Thy fear.

---

627. 7s. M. MERRICK.

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART.

[1] BLEST Instructor, from Thy ways,
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

[2] Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by Thee;
To Thine all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

[3] While I thus Thy name adore,
And Thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer! bow Thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

628. C. M. HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

PEACE OF GOD.

[1] WE ask not, Father, the repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have, through all life's woes,
Thy peace within our breast, —

[2] That peace which suffers, and is strong;
Trusts where it cannot see;
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee, —

[3] That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul;
Whose banks a living verdure keep;
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

---

629. 7s. M. STOCKER.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

[1] GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

[2] Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell Thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

[3] Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

630. 7s. M. SANDYS.

PRAISE TO THE GOD OF NATURE.

1 THOU who dwell'st enthroned above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
Thou who art most great, most high,
God from all eternity! —

2 O, how sweet, how excellent,
'Tis when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We Thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord!

4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below,
Lord, from Thee these blessings flow:

5 Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord!
We Thy praises will record;
Giver of these blessings, we
Pour the grateful song to Thee!

---

631. 7s. M. MILTON.

SONG OF PRAISE.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

[2] Let us sound His name abroad;
For of gods he is the God,
Who, by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse, and all its state;

[3] Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by His commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;

[4] Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day his course to run,
And the moon to shine by night
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

[5] All His creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

---

632. L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

[1] WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with hallowed mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

[2] For He is God, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

633. S. M. Watts.

PRAISE FROM ALL NATIONS.

[1] Thy name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

[2] Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure;
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

---

634. L. M. Tate and Brady.

GLORY TO GOD.

[1] Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

[2] O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

[3] Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

[4] Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

---

635. 7s. M. KIRKE WHITE.

CLOSE OF SERVICE.

[1] CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

[2] Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

[3] Now to Him who reigns in heaven,
Be eternal glory given ;
Grateful for Thy love divine,
O, may all our hearts be Thine !

---

636. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

EVENING DEVOTION.

[1] SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.

[2] Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within;
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

[3] When from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

---

637. 7s. M. Hymns of the Spirit.

EVENING THANK-OFFERING.

[1] Through the changes of the day,
Kept by Thy sustaining power,
Offering of thanks we pay,
Father, in this evening hour.
Praises to Thy name belong,
Source and Giver of all good:
While we lift our evening song,
Fill our souls with gratitude.

[2] From the dangers which have frowned,
From the snares in secret set,
We have, through Thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet.
Spirit, who hast been our light
And the guardian of our way,
Let Thy mercy and Thy might
Keep us to another day!

638. L. M. Breviary.

VESPER HYMN.

[1] O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And in the heaven's most glorious height
Dost bid the stars together sing!
Who, gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, dost make the day;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down:
O, hear us as we come to pray!

[2] Keep Thou our souls from thought of crime;
Keep them from guilt's remorseful strife;
Nor living for the things of time,
But living for the eternal life.
Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

---

639. C. M. Mrs. Brown.

EVENING MEDITATION.

[1] I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

[2] I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

[3] I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven :
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

[4] Thus, when life's little day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

---

640. 8 & 7s. M. S. LONGFELLOW.

VESPER HYMN.

[1] Now, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound ;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above ;
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

[2] Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving :
At His touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo ! eternal stars arise :
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirits' skies.

641. L. M. S. Longfellow.

VESPER HYMN.

[1] Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn, and vesper prayer,
Rise mingling on the holy air.

[2] May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!

[3] O God, our Light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

[4] Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

---

642. C. M. Watts.

VESPER HYMN.

[1] Dread Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Permit the offerings of my tongue
To reach Thee in the skies.

[2] Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand is still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stands prepared.

[3] Perpetual blessings from above,
My daily path surround;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

[4] And now, my soul, the closing day
Is fading on thine eyes:
Once more thy evening tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

---

643. 7s. M. S. F. Smith.

SABBATH EVENING.

[1] Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day,
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

[2] Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

[3] Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

[4] Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

[5] Father, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

---

644. L. M. J. KEBLE.

VESPER HYMN.

[1] 'TIS gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

[2] Sun of my soul, forever near!
It is not night if Thou be here;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

[3] Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

[4] Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

---

645. 10s. M. H. F. LYTE.

VESPER HYMN.

[1] ABIDE with me! Fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpers, O, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

---

646. L. M. BISHOP KENN.

VESPER HYMN.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, through Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, ere I sleep, my heart may be
At peace with man, myself, and Thee.

3 O, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close:
May rest revive my weary powers,
To serve Thee in my waking hours.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him, ye angels round his throne;
Praise God, the high and holy One!

647. L. M. LYRA CATH.

VESPER HYMN.

[1] O, THOU true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day!

[2] Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

---

648. L. M. WATTS.

EVENING HYMN.

[1] THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

[2] Much of my time has run to waste;
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But He forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

[3] I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

[4] Faith in His name forbids my fear:
O, may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart!

649. 8 & 7s. M. C. Robbins.

CLOSE OF VESPERS.

[1] Lo! the day of rest declineth;
Gather fast the shades of night, —
May the Sun that ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

[2] Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread:
On His children, meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

[3] While Thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing;
Father, give Thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing.

---

650. L. M. Kippis.

GOD INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

[1] Great God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look Thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

[2] Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace Thy boundless mind.

[3] And yet Thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all Thy works and conduct shine.

[4] O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore Thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do Thy will!

---

651. C. M. DRENNAN.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

[1] THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet He in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

[2] Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

[3] His presence is diffused abroad,
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near His throne.

652. C. M. WATTS.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

[1] In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

[2] Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

[3] My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

[4] O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

[5] So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

653. L. M. C. Wesley.

ENJOYMENT OF GOD'S LOVE.

[1] Great God, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.

[2] Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

[3] O, let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.

[4] Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love be in the heavens my song.

---

654. L. M. Bowring.

GOD'S SUSTAINING PRESENCE.

[1] Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

[2] Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel:
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

[3] We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But this we know, — that, where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

[4] Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought;
Since, Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

---

655. 7s. M. HYMNS OF THE SP.

GOD IS LOVE.

[1] EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers;
Air, with all its beams and showers;
Ocean's infinite expanse;
Heaven's resplendent countenance, —
All around, below, above,
Hath this record: God is Love.

[2] All the tender hopes that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies, —
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, God is Love.

656. L. M. Addison.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

[1] The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

[2] Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

[3] What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

657. C. M. CONDER.

GOD ABOVE ALL, AND IN US ALL.

[1] BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh.

[2] We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere.

[3] O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does His spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make Thy creature blest!

---

658. 10s. M. DERZHAVIN.

SO GOD CREATED MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE.

[1] O THOU Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.

[2] Thy laws the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath;
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death.

[3] Father! the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes: in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

[4] O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though poor be our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to the Deity.

---

659. L. M. WATTS.

FAITH IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

[1] LORD, we adore Thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to pierce with mortal sense.

[2] Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

[3] Dear Father, in the way we've trod,
Our eyes Thy leading hand can view;
Still will we lean upon our God,
His arm shall bear us safely through.

660. S. M. WATTS.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

[1] THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

[2] Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

[3] But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find,
Thy words of promise sure.

---

661. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD OUR EVERLASTING LIGHT.

[1] YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell!
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

[2] And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

[3] Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall walk with God.

[4] The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

---

662. C. M. WATTS.

GOD OUR HELP.

[1] OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home! —

[2] Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

[3] But Time, an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

[4] Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

663. S. M. Mrs. Steele.

GOD OUR BENEFACTOR.

[1] My Maker and my King,
To Thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

[2] Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

[3] The creature of Thy hand,
On Thee alone I live:
My God! Thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

[4] O let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

---

664. P. M. Tr. F. H. Hedge.

LUTHER'S PSALM.

[1] A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

[2] God's word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth,
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

---

665. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD OUR PRESERVER.

[1] GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till its close.

[2] By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

[3] With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

[4] In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

666. 11s. M. W. Young.

MY GOD AND MY ALL.

[1] While Thou, O my God, art my help and defender,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall;
The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
More lively my hope in my God and my all.

[2] Yes, Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger;
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger;
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.

---

667. L. M. C. Wesley.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

[1] Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes!
Secure I am if Thou art mine.
And, lo! from sin and grief and shame,
I hide me, Father, in Thy name.

[2] O God! my all in all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

[3] In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in sorrow's darkest hour;
My swift redemption when I fall;
My life in death; my all in all!

---

667. L. M. Addison

GOD OUR SHEPHERD.

[1] The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

[2] When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

[3] Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

[4] Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

---

669. L. M. POPE'S COLL.

GOD OUR SHEPHERD AND GUARDIAN.

[1] As the good shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flowery landscape flow;

[2] So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps control:
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He brings me back to virtue's ways.

[3] Though I should journey through the plains
Where Death in all his horror reigns,
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For Thou, my God, art with me there.

[4] Thine ever-watchful providence
Is my support and my defence:
With Thee I am of all possessed,
And in Thy favor fully blessed.

[5] O bounteous God! my future days
Shall be devoted to Thy praise;
And in Thy house, thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

---

670. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

[1] JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?

[2] When shall my eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

[3] There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through bright or stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

[4] Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

[5] Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

671. L. M. MACLAE'S COLL.

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP.

[1] O! MAY the Shepherd of the sheep,
His little flock in safety keep, —
The flock for which he came from heaven,
The flock for which his life was given.

[2] O! hide them from the sultry beam,
And lead them near the living stream;
In fertile pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

[3] O! may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee!

---

672. C. M. DUNCAN.

GLORIFICATION OF CHRIST.

[1] ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

[2] Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him — Lord of all.

[3] O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him — Lord of all.

673. L. M. DUBLIN COLL.

LORD'S SUPPER.

1 "EAT, drink, in memory of your Friend!"
Such was our Master's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blest.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see;
Thy table, food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee!

---

674. 8 & 7s. M. EXETER COLL.

AFTER COMMUNION.

1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow, in all things, like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

675. 7s. M. TOPLADY.

YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

---

676. C. M. CHRIST. PSALMIST.

THE GOOD SEED.

1 ALMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

[4] Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

---

677. L. M. WATTS.

INFLUENCES OF THE SCRIPTURES.

[1] THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

[2] That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

---

678. S. M. WATTS.

EXCELLENCE OF GOD'S WORD.

[1] BEHOLD! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

[2] But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

[3] I hear that word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send Thy good Spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray.

[4] In every promise, Lord,
O teach our hearts to trust!
Thy laws are holy, sure Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just.

[5] My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

---

679. L. M. WATTS.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

[1] Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim!

[2] The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

[3] But in the gospel of Thy Son
Are all Thy mightiest works outdone;
The light it pours upon our eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

[4] Our spirits kindle in its beam;
It is a sweet, a glorious theme:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

680. L. M. WATTS.

BOOK OF NATURE AND SCRIPTURE.

[1] THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

[2] The rolling sun, the changing heaven,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast given
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

[3] Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

[4] Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the earth Thy truth has run;
Till Christ hath all the nations blessed,
That see the light or feel the sun.

---

681. 7s. M. SP. OF THE PSALMS.

FUTURE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

[1] ON Thy church, O Power Divine!
Cause Thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make Thy great salvation known.

[2] Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

---

682. C. M. WATTS.

THE HOPE OF HEAVEN OUR SUPPORT IN TRIALS.

[1] WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

[2] Let care, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

[3] There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

---

683. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

[1] O WHO, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites our souls to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

[2] Each care, each ill, of mortal birth,
Is sent, in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

---

684. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

RELIGION THE ONLY COMFORTER.

[1] Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart;
To ease the heavy load of care
Which nature must but cannot bear?

[2] Can Reason's dictates be obeyed?
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid:
O! let Religion then be nigh,
Whose consolations never die.

[3] Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And Nature owns her strong control;
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage
While she unfolds the sacred page.

[4] Then gentle Patience smiles on pain;
Then dying Hope revives again:
Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,
While Faith points upward to the sky.

685. L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN.

[1] As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers;
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

[2] That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind;
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

[3] Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

---

686. C. M. HEBER.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

[1] WE ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

[2] We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But Thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.

[3] No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith and hope and love.

---

687. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

1 WHY should we lavish out our years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Why should we chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind,
While angels look with sorrow down
To see us spurn the heavenly crown?

3 The Eternal God calls from above;
The Saviour pleads his dying love;
Awakened conscience gives us pain;
And shall these pleas unite in vain?

4 Not so the dying eye shall view
The pleasures which we now pursue;
Not so eternity appear
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty Power! Thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart:
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

688. C. M. LOGAN.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

[1] O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice!
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

[2] Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are,
Than is the gain of gold.

[3] She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

[4] According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

---

689. C. M. GISBORNE.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR'S HOPE.

[1] A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun,—
Behold the Christian's life!

[2] The hosts of darkness pant for spoil:
How can our warfare close?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil:
How can we hope repose?

[3] O, let us seek the heavenly home
Revealed in sacred lore, —
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more.

[4] Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

---

690. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

OBEDIENT SERVICE.

[1] ALL-GRACIOUS Lord! I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

[2] What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

[3] Thy work, O God, mine age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power.

---

691. L. M. J. ROSCOE.

GRATEFUL RELIANCE ON GOD.

[1] How rich the blessings, O my God!
Which teach this grateful heart to glow;
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of Thy mercy flow!

[2] How calmly rolls the sea of life!
Secure in Thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

[3] Though Sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at Thy Throne,
Triumphant over earthly care;
And the blest record Thou wilt own.

---

692. C. M. FRISBIE.

ANXIETY REMOVED.

[1] WE would not seek, with God our friend,
With anxious care to know
Or how, or when, our life shall end,
Or what our lot below.

[2] The same kind Power that gave us breath
Still holds us in His hand;
And, when He bids us sleep in death,
All-wise is His command.

[3] If lengthened years our lives shall crown,
Then be His praise expressed;
Or, if in this He cuts us down,
Still what He does is best.

[4] May we, the good each hour supplies,
Receive with grateful mind;
And, when our fairest pleasure dies,
Be humble and resigned!

693. 8 & 7s. M. W. Church Coll.

GIVE ME THY HEART.

[1] Take my heart, O Father, take it,
Make and keep it all Thine own;
Let Thy Spirit melt and break it,—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

[2] Heavenly Father! deign to mould it
In obedience to Thy will;
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

[3] Father! make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

[4] Ever let Thy grace surround it,
Strengthen it with power divine;
Till Thy cords of love have bound it,—
Made it to be wholly Thine.

---

694. 11s. M. Beddome.

GOD SUFFICIENT FOR US.

[1] Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay;
Though suffering and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

[2] He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and opprest, — He will hear their complaint:
The way may be weary, and thorny the road;
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

[3] And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the wilderness kindly he feeds;
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears;
And brings back the wanderer, safe from the snares.

[4] Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might:
So, faint, yet pursuing, still onward we go;
The Lord is our Leader, no fear can we know.

---

695. 8 & 7s. M. MACKLIN.

STAYED ON GOD.

[1] QUIET as a peaceful river,
Quiet as the wind-hushed seas,
In the Eternal trusting ever,
We are kept in perfect peace.

[2] Deep beneath the warring ocean,
Deep beneath the howling flood,
All unmoved by its commotion,
Lie the promises of God.

[3] We are anchored firmly to them;
Though in tatters hang our shrouds,
Calmly we look up, and through them
View the thunder-riven clouds.

[4] This our constant heart consoleth,
And we will not be afraid:
God, our heavenly Father, ruleth,
All our hope on Him is stayed.

---

696. L. M. O. W. Holmes.

HYMN OF TRUST.

[1] O Love Divine! that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

[2] Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

[3] When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

[4] On Thee we cast our hardening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

697. P. M. HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT.

I WILL GO UNTO MY FATHER.

[1] JUST as I am, — without one plea,
But that Thy love is seeking me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, —
O loving God! I come.

[2] Just as I am, — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, —
To Thee whose love can cleanse each spot,
O loving God! I come.

[3] Just as I am, — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without, —
O loving God! I come.

[4] Just as I am, — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe, —
O loving God! I come.

---

698. L. M. NEWMARCK.

TRUST IN GOD.

[1] LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him, in the evil days,
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

[2] Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

---

699. L. M. TOPLADY.

WAITING FOR GOD.

[1] At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!

[2] Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail:
Thou, Thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

---

700. C. M. COWPER.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

[1] Weak and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

[2] Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part:
Virtue engages his assent;
But pleasure wins his heart.

[3] Bound on a voyage of awful length,
Through dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

---

701. C. M. J. G. Whittier.

GRATEFUL SUBMISSION.

1 All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

5 No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

702. C. M. F. H. Hedge.

ENTIRE TRUST IN GOD.

[1] Beneath Thine hammer, Lord, I lie
With contrite spirit prone;
O, mould me till to self I die,
And live to Thee alone.

[2] With frequent disappointments sore,
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

[3] Smite, Lord! Thine hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

[4] Smite, till from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but Thee,
And have no will but Thine.

---

703. S. M. Noel's Coll.

LIVING BY FAITH.

[1] If on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God! to Thee
We owe the favoring gale.

[2] But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

[3] Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

[4] Teach us in every state
To make Thy will our own,
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

---

704. S. M. C. WESLEY.

CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

[1] A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

[2] To serve the present age;
My calling to fulfil:
O, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

[3] Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight, to live;
And O! Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
The strict account to give.

[4] Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

705. 11 & 10s. M. H. B. Stowe.

THE CALM OF THE SOUL.

[1] When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

[2] Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

[3] So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

[4] Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee!

---

706. C. M. H. Bonar.

THE INNER CALM.

[1] Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

[2] Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

[3] Calm in my hour of buoyant health.
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

[4] Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore the shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name;

[5] Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

---

707. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

REST IN GOD.

[1] Come, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
Your Father's gracious call obey,
And cast your dreary fears away.

[2] Oppressed with guilt, a heavy load,
Draw near to His divine abode;
Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes.

[3] Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope Thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, but rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

[4] O Father! let Thy word of love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Its influence shed in every breast,
And lead us to eternal rest.

---

708. S. M. Episcopal Coll.

SEEKING REST.

[1] O, CEASE, thou wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam!
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

[2] Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
O! haste to gain that blest abode,
And rove, dear soul, no more.

[3] There, safe thou shalt abide;
There, sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

---

709. L. M. Enfield.

HUMILITY.

[1] WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day, —
O, why should mortal man be proud?

[2] His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

[3] By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

[4] Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

[5] God of my life! Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O, let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

---

710. C. M. Exeter Coll.

GODLY FEAR.

[1] Blest is the man who fears the Lord!
His well-established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

[2] Oft through the deep and stormy sea,
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.

[3] Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

[4] Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes;
And fearing Him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

711. C. M. Watts.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN.

[1] O happy soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

[2] His conscience knows no secret stings;
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

[3] He waits in secret on his God:
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

[4] His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

---

712. 11 & 10s. M. Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE.

[1] Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

[2] So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

---

713. L. M. WATTS.

ALL THINGS VAIN WITHOUT LOVE.

[1] HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be wanting, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, — an empty sound.

[2] Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell;
Or could my faith the world remove, —
Still I am nothing without love.

[3] Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hunger of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name,

[4] If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues nor gifts nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

714. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD.

[1] THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod.

[2] In panoply of truth complete;
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread,—

[3] With this omnipotence he moves;
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Him who gives the victory.

---

715. L. M. GOTTER.

BEARING THE CROSS.

[1] PLEDGE of our glorious home afar,
The holy cross with joy we take;
Sign of a peace life could not mar,
And of a faith death could not shake.

[2] It tells how Truth, once crucified,
Now throned in majesty doth reign;
How Love is blest and glorified,
That once on earth was mocked and slain.

[3] Up brethren of the cross! and haste
Onward, where Jesus goes before;
We praise him best when we, too, taste
The shame and cross that once he bore.

716. 7s. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

PRAISE TO GOD IN ADVERSITY.

[1] Should the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;

[2] Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

[3] Should Thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy, —

[4] Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

---

717. L. M. H. Ware, Jr.

RIGHT USE OF AFFLICTION.

[1] Father, Thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to Thy control,
And pray, that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

[2] The errors of my heart I know;
I feel my deep infirmities;
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise,
But, like the morning clouds, decay, —
As empty, though as fair, as they.

[3] Forgive the weakness I deplore,
And let Thy peace abound in me;
That I may trust myself no more,
But wholly cast myself on Thee:
Oh! let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be Thine.

---

718. L. M. COWPER.

PEACE AFTER TROUBLE.

[1] WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

[2] Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of Thee.

[3] O! let me, then, at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn, —
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

[4] Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

[5] But, O my God! one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious child is still.

---

719. 7 & 6s. M. COWPER.

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

[1] SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

[2] In holy contemplation,
We sweetly, then, pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

[3] It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread

720. 8 & 7s. M. HASTINGS.

GUIDANCE IMPLORED.

[1] GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,—
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

[2] In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
May we wake among the blest,
And, by all the saints attended,
Ever on Thy bosom rest.

---

721. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

[1] To Thee, O God! whose face
Their angels still behold,
We bring these children, that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

[2] And, as the blessing falls
Upon each infant brow,
Thy Holy Spirit, grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now.

722 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous.

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

[1] Father! who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share, — .

[2] Now, this little one receiving,
Fold it in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

[3] Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let it be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep it in life's doubtful way.

[4] Then, within Thy fold eternal
Let it find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

---

723. L. M. E. E. Hale.

DEDICATION.

[1] O Father! take the new-built shrine;
The house our hands have reared is Thine;
Greet us with welcome when we come,
And make our Father's house our home.

[2] Blest with Thy spirit while we stay,
May we Thy spirit bear away;
That every heart a shrine may be,
And every home a home for Thee.

724. C. M. H. Ware, Jr.

SACRED MUSIC.

[1] All Nature's works His praise declare
To whom they all belong;
There is a voice in every star,
In every breeze a song.

[2] Sweet music fills the world abroad
With strains of love and power;
The stormy sea sings praise to God,
The thunder and the shower.

[3] To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing;
To God the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.

[4] Like them, let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise;
While instruments of loftiest sound
Assist his feeble praise.

[5] Great God! to Thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone Thy will.

[6] Oh, teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high;
And, while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

725. C. M. STEELE.

HYMN OF SPRING.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'Tis Nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace!
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad Nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

---

726. L. M. HYMNS OF THE SP.

HYMN OF AUTUMN.

1 O LORD of seasons! unto Thee
Our hymn with grateful heart we raise,
For all Thy gifts, so rich and free,
That crown these sweet autumnal days.

2 By Thy dear love, the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower,
And smiling Summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower.

[3] And Autumn pours her riches now,
Of ripening grain and bursting shell;
And golden sheaf and laden bough
The fulness of Thy bounty tell.

[4] Beneath blue skies, the fragrant breeze
O'er rustling fallen leaves doth blow;
In gold and purple robed, the trees
The fulness of Thy bounty show.

---

727. 8 & 7s. M. HORNE.

AUTUMN WARNINGS.

[1] SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.

[2] "Ye on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
See us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

[3] Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of transient stay,
O, receive our friendly warning:
All things here must pass away.

[4] On the tree of life eternal,
Let your highest hopes be stayed;
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears the leaves which never fade."

728. L. M. S. Longfellow.

HYMN OF WINTER.

1 'Tis Winter now: the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes;
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

4 O God! who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in Thy love infold,
And keep us through life's wintry days!

---

729. 11s. M. Muhlenberg.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
I would not live alway: no — welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

[2] Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode!
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;

[3] Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul!

---

730. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

[1] Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

[2] So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

[3] Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's radiant wing;
Where is, O grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious death! thy sting?

[4] Its duty done as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!"

731. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

LOSS OF THE USEFUL.

[1] Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

[2] What though the arm of conquering Death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the faithful and the just
Be numbered with the dead?

[3] Though all the faithful sleep in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;

[4] The heavenly Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates the heart.

---

732. 8 & 7s. M. S. F. SMITH.

DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

[1] SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

[2] Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

[3] Dearest sister, thou hast left us:
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

[4] Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

---

733. L. M. H. Bonar.

REDEEMING THE TIME.

[1] He liveth long, who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away:
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

[2] Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

[3] Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

---

734. L. M. Sp. of the Psalms.

REDEEMING THE TIME.

[1] Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or the fair earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting Thou art God.

[2] A thousand ages in their flight
With Thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to Thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

[3] But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er:
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

[4] To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
So every precious hour to spend,
That we at length with Thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end.

---

735. 7s. M. J. NEWTON.

THE FLEETING YEARS OF LIFE.

[1] WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait;
But how little none can know.

[2] As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

[3] Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

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736. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE YEAR CROWNED WITH GOODNESS.

[1] ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

[2] The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

[3] Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

[4] Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

737. L. M. W. C. Bryant.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

[1] Lord, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank Thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

[2] We thank Thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart, as, day by day,
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray,

[3] And grateful for the blessing given,
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.

[4] All-gracious! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge the strength and light
To guide the feet that own their care,
In ways of love and truth and right.

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738. S. M. H. Bonar

THE LOST FOUND.

[1] I was a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love the Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.

[2] The Shepherd sought His sheep;
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
An hungered, faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love;
He saved the wandering one.

[3] I was a wandering sheep;
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

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739. 10s. M. H. Bonar.

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE.

[1] 'Tis first the true, and then the beautiful;
Not first the beautiful, and then the true:
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool;
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

[2] Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful;
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad:
Tears for a day, — for earth of tears is full, —
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

[3] Not first the bright, and after that the dark;
But first the dark, and after that the bright:
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc;
First the dark grave, then resurrection's light.

[4] 'Tis first the night, — stern night of storm and war,
Long nights of heavy clouds and veilèd skies, —
Then the far sparkle of the morning star,
That bids the saints awake, and dawn arise.

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740. L. M. W. B. O. Peabody.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES OF NATURE.

[1] God of the rolling orbs above,
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light;
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at Thy burning throne.

[2] God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn:
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow,
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

741. L. M. STOWELL.

OUR REFUGE IS IN GOD.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads, —
A place of all on earth most sweet:
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

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742. 12s. M. ANONYMOUS.

MORNING AND EVENING DEVOTION.

1 WHEN the sun gloriously comes forth from the ocean,
Making earth beautiful, chasing shadows away,
Then would we offer Thee our prayer of devotion, —
God of the fatherless! guide us, guard us, today.

[2] When, o'er the western hills, the sunset tints
blending,
Show us how quickly fades all that on earth
seems bright,
Then to unfading realms our prayer is as-
cending, —
God of the fatherless! guide us, guard us, to-
night.

ERRATA.

Page 18 — *hearkening* for hearken.

Page 467 — 601 for 600.

Page 467 — 602 for 601.

Page 510 — 668 for 667.